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WAR FOR THE WHITE PAPER?

ALL the acts of terrorism in Palestine, which have so disgusted British opinion and alienated it from the cause of the National Home, have been the work of the Irgun and the Stern gangs, extremist groups in bitter opposition to the Jewish Agency. It is the Irgun, and not the Haganah, which this week kidnapped six British officers and held them as hostages.

The blowing of the Jordan bridges and of the railway workshops at Haifa, however, was not the work, as the daily press and the B.B.C. are beginning to suggest, of terrorists and extremists. If it had been, the situation would be far less serious. These operations, in which no British lives were lost, were carried out by the Haganah, the Jewish Resistance Movement, which includes in its ranks almost every able-bodied Jewish man and woman of every political party, which supports the Jewish Agency. Up to this week, the Haganah had limited its activities to diversionary operations in connection with illegal immigration.

The fact that the Haganah, despite its traditional opposition to terrorism, has deliberately taken the field against the British Army, is of great significance. It marks a further and perilous widening of the breach between Britain and the Jews of Palestine. Six weeks ago, writing in this journal, Mr. R. H. S. Crossman, who was on the Palestine Commission, gave a warning that if the Cabinet persisted in its policy of making Jewish disarmament a pre-condition of the entry of the 100,000, "we may well find ourselves drifting, involuntarily, into an Anglo-Jewish war, as disastrous and as inconclusive as the hostilities in Ireland which preceded the formation of the Irish Free State." The Cabinet has maintained its negative attitude. Mr. Bevin reaffirmed it with a new and provocative twist when he said at Bournemouth that disarmament of both sides was essential, and then added that he would have to put another British division into Palestine if the 100,000 were admitted; and he was not prepared to do that.

This statement could only mean one thing: that the Cabinet, despite its solemn pledges to repeal the White Paper, and despite the unanimous report of the Anglo-American Committee, has once again surrendered to threats of Arab violence. Mr. Bevin did not reject the 100,000 at Bournemouth because in his view this proposal was unjust or impracticable but on the ground that it would require an extra British division to deal with possible Arab opposition.

The Jewish reaction was unwise, and inevitable. The Haganah has obviously decided to show the British Cabinet that it will need more reinforcements to bar the entry of the 100,000 than to permit it. If a Labour Government is going to give way to Arab threats, then the Jews of Palestine feel that they have no choice but to reply in kind.

These Haganah operations must be regarded as a direct answer to Mr. Bevin's speech. They have shown how effectively a guerrilla movement, ardently backed by the community, can operate against a foreign army, so long as that army obeys the rules of war. The Jews of Palestine are probably the best-organised resistance movement which has yet been built, and they can only be suppressed by the most drastic methods. Even then, as the Germans learnt, the suppression will be only temporary. The war, therefore, into which we are drifting in Palestine, will be a dirty and atrocious sort of war. Our men will be shot in the back, and some of them will resort to "black-and-tannery."

The sort of campaign we shall have to conduct was indicated last Sunday, when the secret radio of the Haganah broadcast the text of what it claims to be the "top secret" military plan for the suppression of a Jewish rising. This operation order includes the arrest without charge and deportation of practically every leading Jew in Palestine. Artillery and air force units will be used for the bombardment of the collective settlements. Then motorized infantry will go in to "winkle out" the survivors. Whether this document is genuine or not, there is no doubt that the military and civil authorities in Palestine have been planning for some time for the campaign against the Jews who have so much exasperated them. Any military plan would be bound to include such provisions.

In fighting the Jews, the Government could count on the support of the B.B.C. and probably of all the most widely read papers with the exception of the *News Chronicle*. We shall be flooded with anti-Jewish atrocity stories and editorials on the righteousness of liquidating these obstinate survivors of Hitler's gas chambers. Public opinion, which is already unsympathetic, may not actively oppose the Cabinet—until it discovers that an Anglo-Jewish war may demand far larger reinforcements and far costlier military operations than would be needed if the Anglo-American report were carried out.

The Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary cannot face this prospect with equanimity. Neither of them has ever shared the enthusiasm of the rest of the Party for the National Home. But they are humane and prudent men, anxious to obtain American co-operation in the Middle East and to avoid war. Can they not see that the surest way to lose American assistance is to drift into a war against the Jews? Can they not realize that it will cost no more British divisions to honour Labour's often repeated pledges than to dishonour them?

We believe that their blindness on this issue is due to their determination to conclude the settlement with the Arab princes, which has been in preparation ever since the Chamberlain White Paper of 1939. Since the Jews have never fitted into this settlement, Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin cannot help regarding them as a nuisance and an obstacle in the way of Anglo-Arab unity. Apparently they had hoped for recommendations from the Anglo-American Committee supporting the White Paper. When this hope was disappointed, they stalled and imposed impossible conditions for the admission of the 100,000. Did their advisers expect that exasperation would drive the Jews into acts of violence which would put them in the wrong with British opinion? If so, this expectation has been tragically fulfilled. But its consequences will be almost as harmful to this country as to the Jews of Palestine.

Towards World Government

Last week we remarked that the new International Food Council might become, if the nations willed it, the first Ministry of a World Government. Mr. Baruch has now taken a further step in the same direction by expounding the United States' proposals for the world control of atomic research. Crisply, he states the choice between the Quick and the Dead. Since the Uno Commission on nuclear research was set up, the British and American Governments have assumed complete control of atomic developments in their own countries, while the Lilienthal Plan has been prepared for the State Department by experts in America and a similar plan has been produced here by the British Association of Atomic Scientists. Mr. Baruch's speech broadly accepts the similar conclusions of these bodies on behalf of the U.S. Government. All "dangerous" nuclear research is in future to be under Ada (Atomic Development Authority); other atomic research will proceed under licence. Inspection would be the crux, since so far there has been no sign that any of the great Powers would be willing to permit a Uno Commission free access to their secret research institutes or production plants. A further difficulty is the Veto, which Mr. Baruch holds to be untenable in Ada, though he does not explain how it could be maintained in the Security Council and not in a body responsible to it. Two factors, however, tend to ease the way in disposing of these formidable obstacles. The first is that the United States offers to release by stages to Ada all American atomic knowledge, and secondly, as *The Times* pointed out, that Ada is to be a body of experts who are to aid every nation in the development of peaceful atomic research and therefore to act "less as policemen or spies than as experts from a central depository of fundamental knowledge."

If it is said that their proposals are impracticable and to be regarded mainly as "political warfare," since neither the United States nor the U.S.S.R. would really allow the other to know what it is doing, we can only say that in that case both Soviet and capitalist civilsation seem doomed. The stakes are so great that statesmen cannot reject the world's one chance of salvation. We are now drifting into the fantastic situation where enlightened men in every country agree that we must have One World, while there are in point of fact two types of civilisations each demanding that unity should be attained by its own methods and by the eclipse of its rival. Ada is the crux on which turns the issue of whether these two worlds can come together into One World.

Paris Argues

We must not be deterred by the snail-like progress in Paris. Slow progress suits the U.S.S.R., and though, as we have said, Russia seems totally unwilling to "co-operate" about anything, there are signs that Moscow is anxious to avoid a complete breakdown. Gradually, on points where Mr. Molotov has most firmly dug in his heels, he yields, and if the Western statesmen continue to meet Russian suspicions with patience, treaties of some sort will still be made. Austria, which Russia at the last conference refused to discuss, is now on the agenda, and the difficulties of the Italian treaties are not insuperable. It is not true that all co-operation has broken down in Germany, or that it would be sensible formally to accept a "line" dividing Europe. Advocates of this course forget that the Western Zone is far from reaching the production point permitted under agreements that followed Potsdam, and to make a dramatic break would not suddenly enable us to feed the Western Zone or get on with the job of reconstruction in the Ruhr and the Rhineland. This we have to do in any case. Some interchange of goods does go on between the Russian and British Zones, and the Americans have just made a considerable barter agreement between their Zone and the Russian. Gradually Russia may see that Europe will not fall like a ripe plum into her hands, and Britain and America may see the unwisdom of interfering in Eastern Europe. Compromise in that case will become possible, and attention turned to the central issues of world co-operation in the Food Council and Ada.

Cabinet-Making in India

Since Muslims and Hindus could not agree, the Viceroy took the very proper step of relieving them of direct responsibility for decision and of attempting to set up an Indian Cabinet which would in fact represent all India. Mr. Jinnah, at first apparently satisfied with the parity given to the Muslim League, now objects to "serious changes made from time to time, to satisfy Congress." Congress is still dissatisfied about several of the names proposed. In particular, it asks for the inclusion of a Congress-Muslim, suggesting that a Congress-Hindu should stand down to make a place for him. This would put the Hindus into a minority in the Government without winning the agreement of Mr. Jinnah, who desires it to be believed that the Muslim League alone represents the Muslim community. Congress and the Anglo-Indian community also wish to include an Anglo-Indian nominee rather than Mr. Nishtar, an adherent of the Muslim League from the North-West Frontier Province, where there is a Congress-Muslim Government. These questions of personnel, which cover a subtle struggle for the balance of power within the new Cabinet, may be as difficult to surmount as the great issues that have been publicly discussed in recent months. The Viceroy and Sir Stafford Cripps and his colleagues are showing the utmost patience and resourcefulness. They must not fail, even if they have again to prolong their stay.

The Azerbaijan Settlement

The agreement between Prince Firouz and Mr. Pishevari, which was signed in Tabriz last week, is a workable compromise between the Azerbaijani demand for autonomy and the Persian Government's insistence that the province should recognise the central authority in Teheran. Without genuine concessions from both sides, the dispute might have led to serious internal and international difficulties beyond those which have already engaged the attention of Uno. As it is, the Democratic Party has secured some essential reforms which are long overdue. Pending the elections for the whole of Persia, the Azerbaijan Parliament is to become a provincial council and its army, which is not to be disbanded, will pass under the command of Teheran. The Azerbaijani, Assyrians, Armenians and Kurds are to be permitted to use their own languages in schools and universities, and the province will retain three-quarters of the revenue for its own use. Dr. Javid, who was Minister of the Interior in Mr. Pishevari's administration, has been nominated by Teheran as the first Governor-General of Azerbaijan. The Democratic Party has thus secured most of the things which it wanted when it raised the demand for autonomy. The agreement has established a precedent which may initiate wholesale administrative reform in all the Persian provinces, a course which the Prime Minister, Qawam-es-Sultani, seems willing to take now he has managed to settle the Azerbaijan issue. But no major changes are likely before the elections, which may radically alter the composition of the *Majlis*. One condition made in the Tabriz agreement is that the question of female suffrage should be considered by the *Majlis*—a revolutionary step in Persia.

The Belgrade Trial

Much of the interest of the trial of Mihailovich and other Chetnik officers centres on British political warfare. Even after B.B.C. propaganda ceased openly to support the Chetniks (who were collaborating with Germany), it avoided any direct reference to Tito's forces which were disguised for the British public under some such title as the "patriots." At this period the Foreign Office continued to support the Royal Yugoslav Government and it will probably be impossible ever to convince Tito that the Foreign Secretary in this strange country might not even be aware that we were still encouraging Mihailovich to fight the Partisans at the same time that Britain was officially backing the Partisans. The evidence of code messages which have fallen into Tito's hands would seem sufficient proof to the Partisans that we played a double game. But it needed no such evidence to turn the present Yugoslav "anti-British." British relations with Belgrade are a function of British relations with Russia and to-day the Yugoslav Press is even more anti-British than the Russian. Many people confuse their detestation of the Tito Government with the question whether Mihailovich collaborated or allowed his staff to collaborate with the enemy. About this there is no doubt: the facts had been established long ago from British, not from Yugoslav, sources. As to the Tito regime it is as violent and intolerant as would be expected in a primitive Balkan country which has never known democracy or civil liberty and which has passed through a Communist revolution after a savage war in which the country was devastated by Chetniks, Ustachi, Hungarians, Italians and Germans.

Food

Mr. Strachey made an excellent broadcast speech on the eve of his departure for America to attend the opening meeting of the newly-combined international body which is to take over the job of meeting the world's food needs for the period of acute shortage. It was good news that, on the way, he hoped to fix up with the Canadians a price contract for wheat supplies over the next few years—not because this is meant to enable Great Britain to get more wheat at any other country's expense, but because the only way of ensuring maximum production in Canada and the other great exporting countries is to give the farmers a firm assurance that, if they put more land under wheat, they will not be left with great unsaleable stocks on their hands as soon as the immediate world crisis has been overcome. The great thing now is to induce the growers to plant the largest possible acreage; and this they are naturally reluctant to do, in face of their past experience, unless they are given firm assurances of markets at reasonable prices for some years ahead. An increase in the wheat acreage in this country is necessarily at the expense of other forms of food production; but in the prairie countries this should not be the case. It is to be hoped that, having made his deal in Canada, Mr. Strachey will be able to persuade the other great wheat-growing countries to follow the Canadian lead. The world is in no danger of any glut of food for a long time to come; and the commonsense course is to go some way towards meeting the agriculturists' demand for price guarantees in order to get supplies up quickly, and make the world proof against famine even if the harvests are bad.

Rates and Grants

A good many local authorities will be relieved to have Mr. Dalton's assurance that the Government is planning to revise the system of block grants. Faced with rising costs and the prospect of increasing expenditure, they have been wondering how they are to make the rates carry the burden. In some areas, notably certain London boroughs and poor Authorities whose rates scarcely yield essential revenue, the question is urgent. Without an addition to the existing Treasury support, they might well find it im-

possible to keep their finances on an even keel. Mr. Dalton's intention now is to make block grants a rate equaliser, grading payments according to a formula which will give the poorest authorities most, and the richest least, assistance. This is one way of meeting the problem, but it may well have the effect of making the richer authorities—which have, on the whole, been very reluctant to draw heavily on their rates—reduce expenditure as much as possible. It will certainly be harder to persuade them to make full use of their permissive powers. Mr. Bevan will have to watch whether the new formula will not increase the parsimony of some councils. Are we also to assume that this change is the Government's solution to the whole rating question? The conference resolution that Mr. Dalton accepted called for an examination of the rating system: it might well be a false step to allow this present expedient to obscure the pressing need for a general review of local government finance.

PARLIAMENT: Food and Agriculture

Wednesday.

Once again a great occasion fizzled. The Tories apparently believed that they at last had a cast-iron case against a Minister, and could get rid of Mr. Williams. Mr. Hudson, who opened the attack, is a hard-hitting but indiscriminate debater. He made the mistake of proving that the Minister of Agriculture is guilty of every calamity including the weather and every mistake including those of the producer countries. If he had admitted that there is no alternative to the Government's present policy, and concentrated his attack on the Minister's delay in switching over to it, Tom Williams would have had a harder task. As it was, he made an effective Parliamentary reply, showing that Mr. Hudson himself made the decision last spring to reduce wheat acreage, and arguing irrefutably that the factors which compelled him to reduce the supply of animal feeding stuffs were all outside his or the Cabinet's control. His speech, however, left his own supporters with the uneasy feeling that agriculture should properly be planned as a part of food production. A Minister of Food who is charged with world food problems should not be outside the Cabinet when the Minister of Agriculture is a full Cabinet member.

Back-benchers on both sides, among them Mr. Hurd, Major Wise, Dr. Guest and Mr. Collins, were a good deal more constructive than either Mr. Hudson or Mr. Turton, who was selected to wind up for the Opposition. He completely failed to rise to his opportunity—which was singularly lucky for the Government in view of the concluding speech from its own Front Bench.

The Recess seems to have had little effect on the somewhat jaded spirits of the back-benchers. Shades of the prison house have indeed closed around the growing new Member, whose function it is to provide the silent lobby-fodder for the Government's legislative campaign. The sense of frustration would not be so great if the hours were not so long and the physical conditions so intolerable. As it is, discussions in the smoking-room about the future of the Map Room—a part of the Library where a group of older Labour members have obtained squatter's rights—reminded Phineas of the atmosphere of *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill*. More important, interest in debates is dwindling alarmingly. Just before the Recess the winding-up speeches of the two-day debate on Foreign Affairs were listened to by about a hundred members. The reason was simply that this was one of the very few evenings when Members could leave the House without endangering their record of attendance in the division lobbies. Such symptoms should be carefully watched. Back-bench frustration and exhaustion are the price which must be paid for the speed of legislation which has been achieved this year. So far it has been a price well worth paying; but in the long run it might prove very expensive.

PHINEAS

MORE PROSPERITY NEXT YEAR?

Mr. Herbert Morrison's speech at Bournemouth on the Government's economic policy was a good speech; and the best thing in it was the passage in which he explained the interconnections between home economic policy and economic conditions in the world as a whole. He was able to show, not only that the Government is making good speed with the reconversion of industry from war to peace production; not only that demobilisation is proceeding smoothly, with remarkably few hitches; not only that the programme of limited socialisation on which Labour fought the election is well ahead of schedule; but also that the Government has seriously begun thinking and planning ahead. His speech was the utterance of a man who not merely uses "full employment" as a slogan, but believes in it and understands what it implies; and it was a valuable contribution to the root problem which Mr. Morrison defined as that of "combining democratic freedom and economic planning."

We are not suggesting that the Government have solved this problem. It has not yet really arisen, though it must do so in the quite near future. Economic planning implies the planned use of man-power; and where man-power is scarce, as it is here, the planning has to be much more exact than it need be in countries where hands are plentiful in relation to machines. There will be more workers available next year, when demobilisation is complete and the released groups have gone back to employment, than there are at present. But there will not be nearly enough to do all the jobs that are waiting to be done, unless the utmost effort is made to avoid waste; and there is obviously a danger that in these conditions of scarcity the available man-power may be wrongly distributed. One cure for this, as Mr. Morrison pointed out, would be to resume the direction of labour; but this course he rightly rejected. The right distribution of man-power will have to be achieved by inducement, and not by compulsion; and it cannot be so achieved without large adjustments in the wage-structure, or without trade union co-operation in bringing it about. A "planned" wage-structure, with the State deciding how much everybody's wage is to be, is quite out of the question as matters stand to-day: the adjustments will have to be made by a complicated series of separate bargains, industry by industry and sometimes trade by trade. But that makes it only the more important for the Government to have in mind a pattern, based on exact statistical information, and for a strong Cabinet Committee, backed by an expert advisory service of economists and planners, to be constantly on the alert to use its influence in the right ways.

In the long run, socialisation will certainly bring large benefits. In the short run, it can make comparatively little difference; and the hopes which Mr. Morrison held out of increased consumption next year are bound to depend mainly on the success of non-socialised industries in getting back on to their feet and in tackling energetically the problems of high output at low cost for home and foreign markets alike. Mr. Morrison was cheerful about exports, and hopeful about production for the home consumer; but he recognised that the industries which were most contracted during the war are having a much harder task in getting going again than those which had only to shift men from war production to making other things. He is no doubt also fully aware that the real testing time for British exporters is still to come. At present it is easy to sell almost anything, and price is not much of a factor. It soon will be a very big factor; and it will be so most of all in our old export lines, such as textiles, which are in the greatest difficulties over labour because they have in the past relied too much on low wages as a means to low costs. In future, they will not be able to get cheap labour; they will have to adapt their methods to making less labour go further with the aid of better machinery, better organisation and higher wage incentives. Socialisation cannot help towards this, save over a small part of the field. The Government's success in giving the consumer better service next year will depend mainly on its skill in handling the problems of privately owned industry and of private employment.

In a situation in which man-power is going to be seriously short, it may seem at first sight absurd to be bothering about unemployment. But it is in truth by no means absurd; for it is quite possible to have both widespread unemployment and serious shortage of man-power, if the man-power is badly distributed, either locally or between trades, or if the balance is upset by a collapse of international trade. That is why Mr. Morrison, in his speech, laid stress on the measures that are being worked out for maintaining employment in this country in the event of an American slump; and it is also why he emphasised that "the whole Socialist programme of marrying production to consumption is an economic truth which requires to be applied to the problems of the world." Great Britain cannot, under the best Government that can be imagined, be really prosperous if the world is not on the way to being prosperous too. It may be practicable to prevent slump in the United States from breeding slump in Great Britain—but only on one condition, that Great Britain and other countries capable of carrying on a complementary trade take common measures to sustain their connected economies in face of an American collapse.

The moral, of course, is that we need to plan our international trading relations, not only by negotiating long-term contracts for Canadian wheat and for other essential supplies of food, but also by establishing assured markets for our exports. The first difficulty here is that we have been compelled, as a condition of getting the American loan, to give our assent to a series of American proposals about trade policy that were framed without any regard at all for the circumstances either of Great Britain or of any other country, except the United States. These proposals are not in the least likely to be adopted at the World Trade Conference to which they are to be referred; but in the meantime they hold up everything and make it impossible to reach agreements that would give stable means of resistance in the event of an American slump. They do not, however, prevent us and other countries from making plans, even if these plans cannot for the moment be carried out; and we sincerely hope that what Mr. Morrison meant by his references to his unknown activities was that plans of the right sort are actually being made.

On the home front Mr. Morrison had every right to speak with confidence. The Government is tackling well the problem of getting a better balance of industries in different areas, of improving the facilities for industrial and scientific training, and of providing inducements calculated to get scarce man-power distributed in the right way. There may be something in the charge that in finding new industries for the depressed areas, too much emphasis has been put on those using a high proportion of female labour; but in view of the importance of getting as many workers as possible, this is not a bad fault, for the biggest reserves of female labour have been in the heavy-industry areas which have been most depressed, and, given a high general level of activity, it should not be difficult to supplant the new industries now starting up in the depressed areas with others employing more men. If the international side of the problem can be solved, the national side of it should not present any insuperable difficulties; but the key to this, as to nearly everything else, is not in any one country, but in the adjustment of basic human relations over the world as a whole.

FRANCE AFTER THE ELECTIONS

From a Paris Correspondent

THE most significant political development in France since the elections of June 2nd is the demand of the *Confédération Générale du Travail* for an immediate increase of 25 per cent. in wages. Made just before the elections and then vigorously supported by the Communist Party, this demand dominates the scene in Paris. It complicates further the already complicated task of the Second Constituent Assembly and sharpens the post-election manoeuvrings of the political parties into a crisis.

The first Constituent Assembly had lived throughout in an atmosphere of virtually incessant conflict, produced by many causes but basically resulting from the absence of a single party strong enough to rule and from the broadening gap between Communists and Popular Republicans. The gap widened throughout the winter and spring as the division in international affairs between Russia and the West became more pronounced and as the debate over the constitution sharpened the differences between the cautiously progressive, Popular Republicans and the forceful Communists. With the Socialists uncomfortably in the driver's seat the Coalition lurched up to the eve of the Referendum and fell apart when the Popular Republicans campaigned passionately for a "No" to the Constitution. Their success in persuading the public to repudiate the Constitution by approximately a million votes certainly owed much to the support of many unhappy Socialists, but it constituted a triumph for the M.R.P., a warning to the Socialists and a check to the Communists.

Between the Referendum and the elections of June 2nd, the M.R.P. energetically exploited its victory by pressing its claim to having saved the country from an undemocratic constitution and, above all, by pressing its attack on the Communists. The Socialists sought to refurbish their independence which had been tarnished by too-close association with the Communists and relied for new electoral appeal on the Blum negotiations for a loan in Washington. The Communists renewed their invitations to the Socialists to join them in forming a "real workers' majority," intensified their assault on the machinations of the Right (among which Communists include the M.R.P.), and extracted the last ounce of profit from the Russian sale of wheat to France.

The M.R.P. emerged from the elections as the strongest party with 28.2 per cent. of the vote, a gain of four per cent. over last October. The Communists lost their position of first party but won almost exactly the same percentage of the total as they had in October—25.9 per cent. as compared with 26.1 per cent. last time. The Socialists remained in third place, but their percentage of the vote dropped from 23.4 to 21.1. The parties to the right of the M.R.P.—Herriot's Radical Socialists and the reactionary amalgam of the P.R.L.—attracted 23.3 per cent. of the votes against 25.8 in October.

These results have been described as "surprising," an "incline to the Right," a "severe defeat" for the Socialists, a "blow" to the Communists, a "victory of humanism over materialism," and in general a "turning point in France's post-war history." Careful analysis suggests that more cautious estimates are in order and that from an immediate point of view the situation is not yet greatly changed.

To be sure, the M.R.P. is now the first party of France, but its margin of less than three per cent. of the votes over the Communists does not give it a very dominant position. It is equally true that the Socialist loss of more than two per cent. has given the party a considerable shock and greatly lessened its appetite for balancing the delicate structure between the Communist and M.R.P. pulls. But, it is also true that the new Assembly cannot function with Socialists in important places and that an important key to its success is in the hands of the Socialists; viz. the election of Vincent Auriol as President of the Assembly, the post from which Felix Gouin was pushed last winter into the Premiership. In sum, except as an indication of trends which could bring profound changes if they continue, the results of June 2nd's voting do not fundamentally alter the political panorama in France.

The country is still without a single party or genuine coalition strong enough to govern. It is still ruled by an Assembly which can act effectively only on the basis of continual compromise and adjustment among three major parties. It is still waiting for a constitution which can be drafted only when deep differences between Communists and M.R.P. have been resolved or buried for future resurrection. It still has one eye looking East, another looking West and a body politic whose movements must therefore remain faltering.

These problems would be enough to ensure the new Constituent Assembly a troubled and stormy career. But to them has been added another which overshadows all in urgency and in potential effect upon France's struggle to re-establish a stable, decent national life. Several days before the elections, the *Confédération Générale du Travail* threw a bombshell into the lap of the as yet unborn Assembly in the form of a strongly worded resolution demanding a general increase of 25 per cent. in wages, salaries and family allowances. Since the C.G.T. is generally conceded to be dominated by Communists who surround its conciliator-President Leon Jouhaux, and since the demand was immediately adopted and vigorously urged by the Communist Party, the impression was created that it was a Communist ruse designed as an eleventh-hour bid for votes and an issue with which to dominate the coming Assembly, however it might be composed. This impression has been strengthened since the election by the concentration of Communist effort on the wage question.

Whatever its origin and motives, the campaign cuts through the complicated political and constitutional issues and pushes before the country a problem which cannot be avoided, which appeals to the distress of the vast majority of Frenchmen ground between the millstones of rising prices and controlled wages. The figures are sufficient to indicate the drama of the working population: in the past year, while wages have been blocked, the cost of living has risen more than 40 per cent. according to governmental estimates. That this situation has not previously resulted in widespread unrest and industrial upset is a tribute to the control over the working classes exercised by the C.G.T. and the Communists, both opposed to wage increases until the recent turn-about. That it will lead to serious agitation if not alleviated is indicated by the thinly veiled warnings from C.G.T. and Communist spokesmen. "Perhaps," says the independent daily *Combat*, "the country has known no more serious political conflict since the Liberation than one which is hidden behind the demands of the C.G.T."

While sober observers point out that the solution to the problem lies not in raised wages but in control of prices and increase of goods at the market, the Communists say that this may or may not be true but the need is immediate and, if the Government really wants to control prices, it can do so. The M.R.P., concentrating on its mandate to form a provisional Government and speedily to draft a constitution, and worried by the dynamite of threatened industrial upheaval, accepts the C.G.T. demands but emphasises the parallel necessity of controlling prices and eliminating the black market. The Socialists, eager to ensure the future of the economic plans woven about the Blum loan, but alarmed by the danger of losing even more of their supporters to the Communists, again hesitate, reason, and seek a compromise solution.

However the wage crisis is settled; it has served to illuminate once again the central agony of France's rebirth. Provisional governments can, somehow or other, be contrived. A new constitution will, sooner or later, be drafted and accepted. But, how will the conflict between the Communists and the New Humanists (or Catholic Socialists, if you prefer) be resolved without suicidal conflict? And how long will the average Frenchman flounder in the misery of an immoral, inadequate economy?

MODEL DEMOCRACIES AND WHY

SWEDEN and Denmark, whence I have recently returned, are, I suppose, with the possible exception of Switzerland, the most comfortable countries in contemporary Europe. At least, Sweden is, for after four years of Nazi occupation most goods in Denmark are in short supply. Yet the shops are bursting with food and there seems little room to doubt that Denmark will shortly return to her pre-war level of substantial comfort for the body and reasoned gaiety for the soul.

Before the war the Scandinavian countries were regarded by many as model states. What, one cannot help asking oneself, were and are the reasons for their comparative well-being?

First, geography; they were outside the main stream of the European procession. Whether it is a good thing to be out of a procession or not depends upon where the procession is heading. At the moment, the European procession seems to be heading rapidly for hell, and to be out of it is, accordingly, to be nearer heaven. Outside the main stream, the Scandinavian countries are not strong enough to arouse the fear of powerful neighbours, while being without empires, they are relieved from the obligation to tax themselves to maintain large armaments in order to guard them, or to train their young men to efficiency in slaughter in order that they may be "secure" and carry the burden of "power." The factor of geography means also that when war comes, while they may either be "for it" as Norway was, or escape as Sweden did, they at least have a chance of escape, whereas under modern conditions the large and heavily defended nations lying in the main stream of European "progress" are certainly and infallibly "for it." Again, being too small effectively to resist, they do not, when occupied, arouse the evil passions of the conqueror and the Danes were comparatively well-treated. In one of Churchill's classic phrases, Denmark was "the murderer's canary."

More, I think, must be allowed for the factor of temperament. The Swedes and, in a lesser degree, the Danes, seem to be curiously devoid of the more misery-making emotions. The advantage of this lack is thrown into high relief by their sexual arrangements. In Sweden the illegitimacy and the divorce rates are said to be the highest in Europe. A divorce is obtainable within a year at the wish of either party; no other ground is required, and the population, especially in the middle classes, shuffles itself like a pack of cards. But the divorces are effected without the pain and the anger, the hatred and the rancour that invest the partings of English couples with their peculiar squalor. Instead, the divorcing husband gives a farewell dinner party to the divorced wife and husband-to-be at which healths are drunk and the departing couple sped happily upon their new life.

How rational, how admirable but also how comparatively easy, provided that you don't feel too strongly! A certain placid lust, no doubt, there is, but for the rest, the Swedes are happily emotionless or, if the emotions are there, strangely inexpressive. "God's frozen people," you say to yourself, vainly watching the faces of your audience for the shadow of the *nuance* of the ghost of an expression.

The comparative absence of emotion enables people to be reasonable. The Swedes, indeed, have all the virtues; they are punctual, reliable

honest, kindly, hospitable, clean. But, it must be admitted, it makes them dull. It also makes them easy to govern and their communities easy to run.

Most important of all, in my view, is the factor of population or, rather, of its comparative absence, for, emphatically, these are small countries. Sweden has under seven millions, Denmark and Norway less than four each; yet from Stockholm to the far north is almost as far as from Stockholm to Rome. The comparative sparseness of population results in a great superiority in the surface amenities of life. The first thing that strikes the traveller from England is that there are not too many people for the available facilities; not too many to be served and too few to serve, with the result that there are no queues; not too many in the shops and the buses and the trams; not too many in the trains and the theatres, which means that you can be sure of a seat in the first without waiting for hours at the station in advance and in the second without being under the necessity of booking weeks ahead; there are not too many for the houses, with the result that there is little overcrowding and no slums; there are not too many for the jobs, the consequence being that in both Sweden and Denmark unemployment before the war was comparatively trivial.

Two points that particularly impressed and delighted me were the comparative innocuousness of the car and the comparative absence of the sprawl. I am an enemy of the car only in the sense that I think there are too many cars for the space in which they have to be manœuvred, with the results that (1) in the centre of our cities where "progress" has reached its apogee, their speed has already been slowed to that of the walker; (2) in the country, where they might otherwise have "sped," they can do so only at grave peril both to themselves and to others, constituting in war a greater menace to life and limb than enemy aircraft and in peace-time killing us off at the rate of 6,000 and mutilating us at the rate of over 200,000 a year; (3) they must drive through miles of sprawling suburb before their owners can reach the country.

I shall be told that these surface matters upon which I have chosen to dwell are trivial, that the amenities of life don't matter or, at any rate, that they don't weigh in the scale against the body and the soul. Why not? Good temper and good manners—we suffer from a lack of both because we are too many, which means that people are too cheap and too much on top of one another—*are* important; that the town dweller should have easy access to the country is important; that the wheels of life should turn easily and smoothly is important, and it is high time that we had a little fun.

But let the protest be made. What, then, does the soul say? Two things, the first noble, the second, less noble. The first is this: there is a British contribution to civilisation, the peculiar emanation of the British spirit; this contribution is valuable and we must be many and great in order to make it. "Great," perhaps, but not "many." For in what does the British contribution consist? In our wealth, in our industrial cities, in our empire? I think not. Yet these, the growths of the last hundred and fifty years, are also the products of a populous England. For my part, I should answer, in our poetry and, more particularly, in our nature poetry, the loveliest and most abundant in any language; in a British way of life and, particularly, of country life; above all, perhaps, in our contribution to the art of government through the establishment of free institutions. Yet all these things were originated in an England of from five to six million persons, and all have declined since England became populous.

The soul also says, "We are a fine people; there is nobody like us; therefore, the more of us, the better." But I don't think that we need listen to this.

The body says that we must have many workers and producers or our standard of life will go down. I am no economist and it is, therefore, with diffidence that I suggest that at no time has our society been able to employ all its citizens, a fact which seems to suggest that under any system that we have hitherto known we are producing not too little but too much relatively to our ability to consume, and venture to ask, what, then, are machines for? Again and again economists have impressed upon me the enormous potential increase in the number of commodities which the machines could, if properly developed and applied, produce. Did not Lord Keynes prophesy that "in a hundred years' time the standard of life in progressive countries will be between four and eight times as high as it is to-day"?

But it is with no diffidence at all that I welcome fewer children and more adults, since then, and only then, the children might be given a chance of being properly educated by the adults. Nobody who has seen a British teacher struggling with a class of fifty children and compared her lot and her school in which she works with that of the Swedish teacher teaching in a building, light, airy and spacious, treating her fourteen or fifteen children as individuals and not as units, will echo the cry, "more children in proportion to the adults." I want no more children than the community can educate up to the level of the individually alert, politically responsible and culturally civilised human being.

Oh, but there is a security argument which proceeds, I suppose, from both the body and the soul, which says that we must be secure and that, to be secure, we must be numerous. I doubt if this is true. History shows, as I have already pointed out, that the strong, populous and heavily defended countries are always being embroiled in war, while the small ones have at least a chance of escape. But whatever force the security argument may once have had, the atomic bomb with its corollary, the denser the population, the better the target, has shattered it. If anyone doubts this, I bid him read the Epilogue of that illuminating book, *The Revolution in Warfare*, by Captain Liddell Hart.

C. E. M. JOAD

A LONDON DIARY

I HAVE read very carefully Mr. Bevin's reasoned defence at Bournemouth of his attitude to Foreign Office reform. On this point he obviously took his critics very seriously, for his brief was exceptionally well prepared. But there were at least two obvious flaws. He suggested that he could not replace some of our older diplomatists whose views are far removed from those of the present Government and who grossly misrepresent present-day Britain in many capitals, by good men from outside the Foreign Office, because that would be unfair to the young career diplomats. In principle this is right, and no one would question the wisdom of a long-term policy designed to ensure that the career diplomats should be so well selected at the start that all of them deserve to end up as First Secretaries. But surely it is obvious that while this reform of the methods of selection is taking place, it is perfectly fair to the career diplomats to replace some of the older men with outsiders as a short-term expedient. The second point which Mr. Bevin completely failed to answer was that he was being constantly misled by the information he is receiving in Foreign Office telegrams. Who advised him, for instance, that Britain would have to find £200,000,000 in order to settle the 100,000 in Palestine? Actually, the Treasury has not contributed a penny to the cost of settling Jews in Palestine and is not asked to carry the burden now. In the same speech Mr. Bevin stated that he had made several unsuccessful attempts to conclude commercial agreements with countries "behind the iron curtain." Take the case of Hungary. Moscow first approached the Hungarians in May, 1945, to conclude an economic agreement. The Hungarians immediately informed us, stating that they were anxious to conclude simultaneous agreements with the Western Powers. Britain did not trouble to answer, and the Russian negotiations began. The Hungarians held out for six weeks under heavy pressure before they signed, on two occasions begging the British for an answer to their query. We gave no answer and the Hungarians, unwillingly, accepted the arduous conditions. Thereupon we sharply protested. The Hungarians then approached us for a trade agreement. After four months of delay they were told that the Treasury wished to impound 25 per cent. of the proceeds of all Hungarian exports to this country. After pressure from our representatives in Hungary the Treasury has apparently relented, and an agreement may be signed in the near future. If this version of the facts is correct—and I have reason to believe it is—Mr. Bevin is misleading us when he talks as though he had made all the efforts to work commercially with the countries "behind the iron curtain" and they had caused all the difficulties.

* * *

I have in front of me the full text of Howard Smith's broadcast prepared for the British Forces and rejected by the B.B.C. Howard Smith is best known as the author of an excellent book, called *Last Train from Berlin*, and has now taken Ed. Murrow's place as chief British representative of the Columbia Broadcasting System. The chief point of the broadcast was to tell listeners to put themselves in "the other man's shoes," and not to fall for propaganda which suggests that Russia is alone to blame for our world difficulties. He fully admits that it is "devilish difficult" to reach agreement with the U.S.S.R., but argues that all the Powers are playing power politics, recalls that *Life* magazine the other day paid for many large advertisements saying, "Let's stop kidding ourselves. There is no misunderstanding between us and Russia. There is conflict," and that the Hearst-MacCormick press is suggesting that America should atom-bomb Russia before it is too late. He quotes Senator Vandenberg's picture of a noble America "asking nothing for herself from this tired world," and points out that if Russia has expanded over a large neighbouring area, America's expansion since the war has been over a far greater region, extending 7,000 miles from her borders. He does not believe that war is coming between the Western Powers and Russia but that "hideous weeds are growing and, as the gap grows wider, the weeds expand their domain." He is troubled by the re-emergence of Fascism in many parts of Europe, including Germany, and suggests that Mr. Bevin's function is to mediate between Capitalist America and Communist Russia. He ends "thus far Mr. Bevin has given few indications that he is ready to fill this role."

* * *

I well understand that a B.B.C. official may be scared of broadcasting even so moderate a criticism of Mr. Bevin. The B.B.C. can also claim that the Soviet point of view has on several recent occasions been fairly put on the British wireless. Certainly the Soviet Union can't complain; Moscow Radio does not indulge in criticisms of Mr. Molotov or explanations of British or American "points of view." But I should have thought the B.B.C. unwise in its own interests to reject a highly competent Talk which it had commissioned from a well-known American commentator. B.B.C. caution is usually defended by saying that the world assumes that Talks from Broadcasting House are all official. Well, of course, that is the impression if American headlines can carry such examples as this of B.B.C. censorship. What harm would have been done anyway by letting Mr. Smith say something unpleasing to the Foreign Office? A reply could be arranged if it was considered necessary. The effect of incidents of this kind is to make me think that we ought to have more than one broadcasting network in this country. I believe in competition in all things of the mind.

* * *

Does Will Lawther's press statement on the proposal to employ Poles in the mines represent the view of the Federation? He seemed to

suggest that the Federation would try to do a deal with the Minister of Fuel and Power, under which its consent to the use of Poles would only be bought at the price of the Minister's acceptance of the miners' latest demands. This proposal is the more surprising when one remembers that before Will Lawther made it, the discussions between the Minister, the mine owners and the mine workers on the best way of employing Polish miners were going smoothly. I believe that a plan had nearly been completed for a first experiment in which a number of experienced ex-miners in the Polish army would be distributed over the various coal-mining areas in groups of fifty or so. If this experiment succeeds, and the Poles settle down well, there is no reason why the scheme should not be extended to include not merely miners in the Polish army, but Displaced Persons with mining experience from other countries. Of course, if the Minister of Fuel and Power, who is not lacking in courage or ability, were to act boldly, despite Mr. Lawther, and announce that he is ready to receive applications from 50,000 Displaced Persons ready to receive training, and to sign an agreement for a term in the mines, he could probably, by this one step, tide us over the immediate shortage, not merely of miners but much more important, of recruits for the mines.

* * *

It is a fine idea to exchange young volunteers between European nations to help in reconstruction. Some five hundred are due to leave Britain during the summer for work in Scandinavia and elsewhere. For some unexplained reason, the Home Office is being extraordinarily slow to admit a party of Danes who want to do similar work here. Everywhere we encounter nationalist obstruction to the birth of the new world. The latest example is that after long delays a ban has finally been put on a British youth delegation which was to visit Austria this week. Although the British military authorities in Vienna have approved the visit, Mr. Hynd has refused to issue an entry permit for the twelve delegates, who include one M.P., St. John Catchpool of the Youth Hostels Association, and leading representatives of the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs, and the Girls' Training Corps. The Control Commission has given two excuses. The first is that there are no travelling, accommodation or food facilities available. The delegation, however, could secure ordinary rail tickets, had been offered hospitality by the Free Austrian Youth Movement, and were assured that the Austrians would find sufficient food for their short stay, provided each delegate took the maximum allowance out of Britain. I understand that Mr. Hynd now says that his reason is that so many delegations are applying for facilities that he can't make exceptions. This sounds merely obstructive. The Control Commission should encourage, not frustrate, efforts to establish contact between Youth movements.

* * *

While Uno debates the Spanish situation, Franco goes on persecuting his Spanish critics though he has had to take some account of foreign protests. Take the case of Alvarez and Zapirain, the two Spaniards who were arrested after returning to Spain from Latin America. Britain—and other countries—intervened on their behalf and were assured by Franco that they were not held for political reasons. In fact, Alvarez was given twenty, and Zapirain eighteen years' imprisonment for entering the country without proper passports and endeavouring to organise forbidden political groups. Although the intervention of British Labour probably saved them from the death sentence, it is worth noting that they were tried by military tribunal long after Franco said that he had abolished special courts and that they were not allowed to speak in their defence. I hope that the indignation aroused by this case will help other Republicans who fall into the hands of Franco's police.

CRITIC

BUZZ OFF!

Two and a half million Dutch bees, the first consignment to reach Great Britain since before the war, arrived in Elgin on Saturday.

Swarms of Dutch bees arrive,
Hands for the honey drive,
Bees in the British hive
  Murmur and grumble.
"Out," says the T.U.C.,
"Out," says the Labour bee,
"Out," says the absentee,
  "Out," says the bumble.

Workers and drones predict
British bees may be tricked,
Aliens do not restrict
  Over-production,
Foraging to and fro,
All for the honey flow,
Dutch bees no interest show
  In planned obstruction.

Hives may be bursting, but
Bees may be undercut;
What if a honey glut
  Brings destitution?
Shortage by all enjoyed
Keeps British bees employed,
Bee circles must avoid
  Labour dilution.

Aliens with leave to roam
May fill the honeycomb
But to the hives at home
  Bring new temptation—
Home drones with foreign queens
Revel in nuptial scenes,
Immigrant labour means
  Fraternisation.

Non-British personnel
Once in the honey cell,
From Britain's citadel
  Natives may squeeze out.
Beehives are getting warm,
Signs of a rising storm,
"Out," buzz the British swarm,
"Keep foreign bees out!"

SAGITTARIUS.

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Miss J. Bamber.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

I noticed a considerable number of women shoppers signing a petition in Piccadilly, Manchester. I spoke to fifteen of these as they left the signature tables and the following was the result. Six of the women were of the opinion that they had protested against the decision of Manchester Corporation to increase bus fares, four had not the slightest idea what they had signed but "everyone seemed to be doing it," two together thought the petition was for the reprieve of a condemned murderer, one had mistaken the largest word on the placards "Road" for "Food" and the last one was the wife of a coal merchant who did not wish to lose his lorry.

In fact the petition was protesting against the Government's decision to nationalise road haulage. —Letter in *Manchester Guardian*.

Atomic destruction overcome. Save yourself and others. Simple, genuine and sincere instruction. 8*s.* 6*d.*—Advt. in *Vegetarian Messenger*.

One of my fellow officers has consumed, as the result of a bet, half a dozen pancakes made of D.D.T. powder instead of flour. He was witnessed by the whole of his mess and enjoyed his meal greatly, without any untoward effects.—Letter in *British Medical Journal*.

Alderman Alexander Read said: "This council used to be a body of business men, looking after the interests of our electors. Now politics have been shoved on us by the Socialists."—*Evening Standard*.

CONFERENCE OR DEMONSTRATION?

MUCH of the lobby talk at the Labour Party Conference was concerned less with the content of the Conference than with its form.

Last year at Blackpool, Conference was inevitably turned into a propaganda demonstration by the announcement, almost as soon as it opened, of the decision to fight an immediate General Election. That change in tone came spontaneously, and with the full blessing of the whole Conference: the platform and the floor slipped into an easy and wholehearted co-operation whose purpose was to show the country the basis on which Labour intended to fight and win. The metamorphosis was made smoothly, and resulted in the most successful and most effective of the whole series of Labour Party Conferences.

But this new type of conference, which at Blackpool sprang from a spontaneous reaction to the circumstances of the moment, was repeated at Bournemouth by a premeditated decision from above. The purpose of the Annual Conference is to bring together the National Executive of the Party and the rank-and-file, so that they may talk to each other. At Bournemouth, the National Executive did little talking to the rank-and-file and the rank-and-file talked less to the Executive: for most of the time, both parties sat and listened to Ministers of the Government speaking not about the policy of the Party but about the programmes of their departments. Some of those Ministers are also members of the National Executive (though one wonders whether any man or woman can effectively do both these jobs at once); but even in these cases, they spoke, with only one exception, not as N.E.C. members, but as Ministers. In some cases, the Ministers are not members of the Executive: it follows, therefore, that they are themselves rank-and-file members of the Party; and one wonders which clause in the Party's constitution allows rank-and-file members to speak in the name of the National Executive.

It may be argued that these are niggling points of procedure which ought not to weigh against Ministers of the Crown, whom the Conference was delighted to hear. But the result contains the seeds of danger. In the foreign affairs debate, for example, about 60 per cent. of the time was taken up by two Ministerial speeches (with a considerable element of overlapping between them), about 25 per cent. by moving and seconding resolutions, and only 15 per cent.—less than half an hour—by the general debate. Of nearly a hundred delegates who had told the Chairman they wished to speak, fewer than half a dozen actually got in.

Bevin might argue (my guess is that he would) that he and Noel-Baker deserved the lion's share of the available time because their views were more important than those of the "crypto-Communists" and "warped minds" on the floor. But two facts stand solidly against this. The first of these is that, with the exception of a couple of maladroit Bevin asides, neither Minister added much to what they had already said on previous occasions in other places and with full publicity. The second is that if you don't think much (and Bevin obviously doesn't) of the views of the delegates, why gather them together anyway?

The foreign affairs debate was by no means the only one in which it seemed to be forgotten that the purpose of a conference is, by definition, to confer. (Laski, addressing Blum in French, unwittingly gave the game away by referring to "*cette conférence.*" The French for "conference" is *congrès*, and *conférence* means "a lecture session"!) The education debate consisted of two resolutions and only two other speeches from the floor, in addition to two from Ellen Wilkinson (including one which overran its time) and one from Harold Clay.

This may be due, at least partly, to a feeling on the part of the National Executive that at the present time, less than a year after the formation

of the Government, it is too early to "rock the boat." If this diagnosis is correct, it shows a profound misunderstanding of the views of the movement and a significant underestimation of the sense of responsibility of the delegates. It was clear beyond doubt that a sober and unstinted appreciation of the solid achievements of the Government was universal amongst the delegates, and that even their criticisms of individual points would be conditioned by, and be made against the background of, a real sense of pride in the Government's past record and future plans. The colt would have trotted not only more happily, but just as sedately, on a looser rein.

In the planning of future Conferences, the National Executive is faced with new problems arising out of a Labour Cabinet on the one hand and a revitalised Party on the other. These happy circumstances demand a new technique in the handling of Conference business—a technique which will be difficult to formulate in any event, and may be quite impossible to formulate unless Conference and the Cabinet each stick to their own business.

IAN MIKARDO

ART AMONG THE RUINS: GERMANY REVISITED

I

To my surprise, going back to Germany after a lapse of thirteen years, I found my way about, even between the Wittenbergplatz and the Luetzowplatz in one of the worst hit quarters of Berlin. And I met many old friends who had survived the tyranny of the Hitler regime—and quite a few other people who should have disappeared with the entry of the Allies. Even the general atmosphere, in spite of near-famine, devastation and all, was not quite as strange as I was led to expect. I confess I was astonished to see Gustav Gruendgens, newly emerged from eight months' imprisonment by the Russians, rehearsing his part in Karl Sternheim's comedy, *Snob*, although, by the grace of Göring, absolute ruler of the German State theatres, he had done some surprising deeds. Ernst Busch, famous singer-actor, well known in England for his excellent performance in the film *Kameradschaft*, was perhaps the most auspicious of Gruendgens' witnesses. Busch used to sing "The Field Marshal," a song of Moussorgsky's cycle "Songs and Dances of Death." The fierce Nazi prosecutor thought it was a skit on Göring. Busch's evidence to the contrary had little weight as no copy of the original music could be found. In stepped Herr Staatsrat Gruendgens, who provided and paid four lawyers, and who succeeded in keeping Busch's head on the neck of its rightful owner. Gruendgens also managed to employ at his theatres a number of actors with Jewish wives and saved others from the call up.

Heinrich George, a great tragedian, had no such redeeming virtues to his credit, nor had Werner Krauss, who was unwise enough to act Shylock in the worst anti-semitic vein at a performance in Vienna quite late in the war. Both are now behind bars; George is occasionally let out to play a title role again: he appears in *Charley's Aunt* for German prisoners of war in Russian camps. Paul Hartmann, once a famous member of Max Reinhardt's company, then Führer of Nazi actors, realised that he was compromised beyond hope and committed suicide.

Pleasanter characters: Hans Albers, idol of German audiences, plays again in Molnar's *Liliom*. He has acted only in films for many years. Ida Ehre, a Jewish actress, survived in hiding and is now Director of the Hamburger Kammerspiele. Herzberg, Director of the State Opera in the Russian sector of Berlin, survived by feigning senile idiocy for years. (He spread Allied propaganda picked up from a secret wireless and that was just regarded as another sign of madness.) Axel Eggebrecht, staunch anti-Fascist and very able writer, thought that his fate was by no means sensational: "Just a few years of concentration camp, a few years out of work, then film script writer under Willi Forst." Willi Forst, in spite of his career in the Thousand Years' Reich, kept his reputation and character fairly untarnished. He is now in Vienna, corresponding with Stalin on the problems of German film industry. Paul Wegener, that great veteran, appears again in Lessing's *Nathan*, which the Nazis had ordered off the stage. Lale Andersen, of "Lili Marlene" fame, is also still there, singing to enthusiastic audiences. It is a miracle how she got through, for she was handicapped by a strongly anti-Fascist career as a diseuse outside Germany, and her song was profoundly pacifist in mood.

In music things are not quite as bright as on the stage. Nearly all prominent conductors were members of the Nazi Party and are banned: Furtwängler's case is still being decided on. He succeeded in staying outside the Party, because his international reputation protected him against Goebbels' worser moods. But even he cannot deny that he put his name to some articles in which it was stated that German "Kultur" in the guise of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra was following the victorious German armies into the occupied countries. Herbert von Karajan is said to have developed a magnificent style of conducting, combining the long expressive lines of Furtwängler with Toscanini's exactitude and formal concision. But the standard of orchestral playing has not gone down. The average German "Kapellmeister" is a good craftsman and can train his band conscientiously. And there are still some very good conductors about: Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, who conducts the excellent orchestra of Radio Hamburg, and Sergiu Celibidache, a young Rumanian who is in charge of the Berlin Philharmonic. He is rather young for his formidable position, but appears to be a gifted and promising artist.

One finds very few young musicians in Germany. The Nazi educational institutes did not have a sizeable output. The Russians, quick to realise the shortage of artists, decided to close one eye to official policy. In the Berlin State Opera you can still hear Tiana Lemnitz and Willi Domgraf-Fassbender, excellent singers but prominent Nazis, and they are not the only ones. When on Red Army Day a festival performance of Tchaikowsky's *Onegin* was to be given, the first-line of Nazi singers seemed somehow out of place for the occasion. A performance, with understudies of good political reputation, was consequently decided on, but the result was such that on the next day the Nazi stars were asked to return and they came back with understandable glee. It seems that British and American authorities will have to adapt their methods to those of the Russians. One cannot go on heresy-hunting for ever.

We knew in England the excellent standard of musical performance under the Nazis from listening to the German radio. This was, of course, not the merit of the Nazis but the fruit of a centuries-old German tradition. All orchestras (and of course theatres) were supported by State or municipal bodies and the artists could give all their time and endeavour to the one (full-time) job on which they were engaged. Official Nazi composers concentrated mainly on Hitler Youth and soldier songs, of which plenty were produced. The school of serious composers can generally be characterised as slightly reactionary, and it became fashionable for them to use a lot of folk tune elements, well in line with the "Blut und Boden" (blood and soil) outlook of Nazi "Kultur." But we must admit that in other countries the average quality of composition was not higher if one does not count such undisputed masters as Bartók, Schönberg, Stravinsky and Hindemith. The post-romantic school in Vienna had hardly any followers under the Nazi regime. Twelve-tone composition was practised, largely to the exclusion of the public, by Webern and a few of his ardent pupils. The influence of Hindemith, who was banned and had left Germany, was always very great, but I cannot say that the works of the Hindemithians ever approach the excellence of the master's best compositions. By applying Stravinsky's later technique to German folk tune elements, quite respectable results were achieved. I am thinking of Werner Egk, whose opera *Peer Gynt* I consider (from playing the piano score) a really excellent stage work. Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana* is a highly original score, using again a rather percussive, Stravinsky-like technique on simple diatonic tunes. Wagner-Regenyi wrote some successful operas and so did, in a rather simple, Smetana-like style, Norbert Schulze (who later wrote the song "Bomben über England") and whose music is, of course, completely prohibited.

Progress, as I have tried to show, has been better than expected, but, with a few exceptions, these praiseworthy compositions were not really familiar to the general public, they were not supported by the Nazi authorities and hardly ever broadcast. Wagner and the Führer's favourite *Merry Widow* were surely the most performed musical works during the Nazi period.

Since the capitulation, music which had been prohibited, such as Mendelssohn, Mahler, Schönberg and Hindemith, is being performed again very widely, and so is new music written by German composers. But I believe it will take some time before really important works are written. This fact creates a good opening for foreign music, of which the Russians are taking full advantage, and the British will certainly use this opening as a subtle means of democratic propaganda.

WALTER GOEHR

WRITERS CONFER AT STOCKHOLM

WRITERS from many countries have recently met in Stockholm for the P.E.N. International Congress to discuss not simply liberty but the defence of culture in this barbarian world. Three facts dominated the Congress: the true civilisation and magnificent hospitality of Stockholm; memory of Nazi oppression; and anxious regret at the absence of representatives from Russia.

It soon became clear that out of the clash of the old civilised ideal of tolerance and the recent experiences of modern barbarism some new conception must begin to arise. When the Americans proposed a resolution reaffirming the P.E.N.'s championship of free speech, but with the qualification "so far as is consistent with public order and international standards of decency," Belgians and French protested that the words "public order" would justify any tyranny. But the Americans were right in feeling that *some* qualification was *sometimes* necessary. Presently it began to appear that not "public order" but simply "international standards of decency" was the right criterion. Freedom, after all, is not strictly the end but the means. The end is the development and expression of human personality in all individuals in true community with each other. Freedom to work against this end, and in some circumstances even freedom merely to speak against it, must in the last resort be restricted. Roughly, the more stable and civilised a society, the more freedom is possible in it. In England to-day we need *more* freedom of expression, not less; but in a barbarian society, and in a half-civilised society deeply divided against itself, or maddened by any great distress, freedom even of speech may have to be limited, not for the sake of the established order, but to prevent men of evil will from goading fools and neurotics and knaves into maltreating their fellow men.

Even within the P.E.N. itself, it seems, there must be some modicum of discipline. A Dutch delegate demanded a black-list of writers who had been condemned in their own countries as collaborators, and who were now writing and lecturing abroad. To many uncompromising champions of liberty this proposal seemed outrageous. The P.E.N., they insisted, was a non-political body, a forum where persons of all persuasions could meet for friendly discussion. The other side clamoured for the exclusion of tainted writers, "lest we should unwittingly shake hands with Nazis." Thus, over the black-list the Americans and many British opposed discipline in the name of liberty; but over the American reference to public order, the Europeans were more liberal than the Americans themselves. Of course the Americans had in mind the capitalistic and individualist order that they wished to preserve in the U.S.A.; but to the French and Belgians, "order" suggested Nazi tyranny.

Throughout the discussions, the cleavage was mainly between those who had suffered under tyranny and those who had not. The terrifi

experience of inhuman oppression and heroic resistance, though to some extent it had clouded judgment, had also burnt into many minds a lesson which the more fortunate could learn only at second hand, and through the exercise of imagination.

In the main, the representatives of the more fortunate countries were anxious to keep the P.E.N. out of politics, while the former victims of oppression insisted that to stand aside was treason. The P.E.N., they declared, was at the parting of the ways. If it intended to be a real power in the world, it must clarify and revise its principles in the light of Europe's recent tragedy. And it must have the courage of its new-found convictions. In this mood the Congress passed a Catalan resolution condemning Franco's regime for suppressing the Catalan language and culture and kil'ing writers who spoke for freedom. Most of the delegates from the Continent regarded this protest as a plain duty. The Americans and some British considered it unwise. The P.E.N.'s authority, they said, depended on its remaining strictly detached from politics.

It was the London P.E.N. that took action on the difficult subject of relations with Russia. Through their very absence from the Congress, Russian writers were constantly present to our minds. They had been invited to send representatives; they were unable to accept. The London P.E.N. proposed a resolution regretting their absence; affirming that, without mutual friendly understanding between the U.S.S.R. and the West, mankind was doomed to war; urging Russian writers to help in establishing closer relations by means of interchange of visits and free exchange of books and information; and warmly inviting them to join the International P.E.N. One speaker regarded this proposal as unrealistic and naïve, and in effect a demand that they should get themselves shot for flouting the regime. Most, however, felt that this friendly gesture must be made. The P.E.N. should indeed condemn any proved crime against the sacred principles of humanity, whether in Spain, Russia, England, America or elsewhere; but it should also do its utmost to establish friendship with writers of integrity everywhere, even if they supported a regime which seemed to the West to be in some ways still barbarian. And most members, though they deplored the iron curtain and the harshness of the Russian regime, believed that, unlike Franco's, it still stood for the welfare of the common man and the advancement of culture. In the end the resolution was passed by the delegates of all the nations present; except the Americans, who abstained.

OLAF STAPLEDON

RADIO NOTES

THREE of the most popular and permanent weekly items have withdrawn for a long summer holiday. Itma, the Appointments with Fear and the Brains Trust will not crop up again until the autumn.

Itma is virtually indestructible, as the essence of its appeal lies in constant repetition. Unless Ted Kavanagh's mind gives way under the strain of punning Itma will run for ever. The fund of catchwords, comic characters and repartee never runs out. Incidentally the repetition that delights the audience seems to exhaust the brilliant team of executants. They feel the monotony of their impersonations quicker than we do; the rapid turnover of their stock figures is almost disquieting. The relegation of Mrs. Mop, for instance, was like a death in the family.

The latest Appointments with Fear were uneven and disappointing. Flesh is not easily made to creep. The most successful efforts in creating genuine uneasy anticipation were the old bloodcurdlers, such as *The Monkey's Paw*. But the fact that one knew what was coming took the edge off one's appetite. For the rest, horrid ideas and disgusting physical details were thought to be worthy of the title; and the constant chuckling of the Man in Black is overemphasised and does nothing to relieve the forced gruesomeness. In spite of the magnificent opportunity no new author of talent working in the macabre has come to light.

The Brains Trust can always be interesting, but it depends on the luck of the questions. The teams now chosen are like first-class professional batsmen, lying back comfortably in the knowledge that they can hit the second-rate stuff served up to them out of the ground. If the bowling were more varied we should see better cricket. The role of question master has become superfluous, now the team understands the game and no longer interrupt each other. He is not needed as an umpire, so he is developing into a sort of clown, who occasionally interrupts proceedings by giving the score all wrong. But his worst offence is to cut short any real argument that gets going in order to squeeze in as many questions as possible. It is not the number of questions but the level of the answers that matters, and the only way to get the best out of the team is to pick the right type of question—one that starts a real difference of opinion, not of taste. Far too many questions are on mere matters of taste or of fact, and the response is unelevating. Each member in turn tosses off a reply according to his personal predilection and falls mum. It is like answering a questionnaire. The sort of question, "Where would you like to live when you retire?" is no challenge to anyone's intelligence. All these should be weeded out. Even if politics and religion are barred—and why? in heaven's name—this is not a public school debating society—there are enough serious matters for rational argument still outstanding to keep all the Brains Trusts in the world discussing until kingdom come.

Rayner Heppenstall's scenarios of famous Voyages of Discovery strike a very professional note and convey knowledge wrapped up in most agreeable entertainment. The use of the cinema technique of short sequences and flash-backs was the only way to make a plain narrative like that of Marco Polo take dramatic shape. The production was well under control; James McKechnie made a convincing Venetian adventurer; the short sequences prevented the B.B.C. repertory players from over-acting; and from the sound effects department even came a merciful moderation in camel bells crossing the Gobi Desert.

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*Sunday, June 23rd.* Concert (2.30 p.m.); Schubert Quintet (6.15 p.m.); Is There Anything in It? (7 p.m.); Symphony Concert (9.30 p.m.). Augustus Toplady (West, 11.25 p.m.).

Monday. Babar and Celeste (5.15 p.m.); Getting the most out of Talking (7.40 p.m.); Toscanini (8.30 and 9.25 p.m.); Mozart Quintet (11.25 p.m.).

Tuesday. Benjamin Franklin (L.P. 10 a.m.); Tables in the Sun (8 p.m.).

Wednesday. Concert (7 p.m.).

Thursday. The Parnell Commission (9.30 p.m.); The Enemy in our Midst (11.3 p.m.).

Friday. Two Years Before the Mast (Walter Allen, L.P., 10 a.m.); The Atom Bomb Experiment (9.15 p.m.); The Making of a Poem (11.30 p.m.).

Saturday. Tauber and Lehar (L.P., 7.45 p.m.); The Lady with the Lamp (9.20 p.m.).

RALPH PARTRIDGE

THE MOVIES

"The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," at the Carlton.
"Frenzy," at the Academy.
"Mädchen in Uniform," at the Everyman.

Two good films in a week! Violence—inescapable theme of the moment—rules both, but one hesitates to call either piece a thriller. If *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers* were less sharply defined, it would fall into the thriller class, for it contains all the ingredients: murder, blackmail, beatings-up, a tough hero, a come-hither heroine. What lifts it out of the rut is the local idiom and an unexpected solidity in the characters. The episode from childhood (what thriller character ever had a childhood?) violent in itself, has an important bearing on the climax; and beginning with it is a great improvement on the usual belated reference ("I'm sick—my aunt used to make me pick embers out of the fire.") And as the story shows up the lack of plot and character in the average better-class thriller, so Mr. Van Heflin's performance knocks flat by its vitality one's memories of the Ladd-Stevens dummy who has worn a path up so many cellar steps and through so many bedroom doors. He is helped by Barbara Stanwyck, Kirk Douglas, and Lizabeth Scott (no actress, but beautifully on-coming), and they have all been helped by dialogue that is a pleasure to listen to. Finally, the direction puts back Lewis Milestone—a name one had ceased to follow—on the map.

The violence of *Frenzy*, the Swedish film at the Academy, originates from a schoolmaster, reasonably nicknamed by his pupils Caligula. His cross-examinations in the form-room are masterly, he drives one boy to expulsion and the verge of madness, and causes the death of a little shop-girl. I don't know that, outside a Fascist headquarters, he is altogether convincing, though, as played by Stig Järrel, he certainly frightens. All the grown-up characters, in fact, are inclined to be wooden. But the atmosphere of adolescence, sex, nihilism, the last summer term dragging on to its examination date has been extraordinarily well caught, and the whole film is distinguished by its visual beauty. It differs in this from the American film, and also in its sense of evil: a ruling passion of adolescence. Caligula involves his victim in damnation before killing him or her. This spellbinding becomes in *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers* mere blackmail, and murder or suicide the pressure of a trigger. Which is in the end more terrifying, the incense of doom or cold killing, it probably depends on the individual filmgoer to decide. Of the two films, I should rather see *Frenzy* again, if only for the sake of its lighting and camera work. The director, Alf Sjöberg, obviously gets his inspiration from pre-war German films such as *Mädchen in Uniform*, which comes to mind not only because of its theme but from one's memory of corridors and the penitential staircase. This film, by the way, despite its romanticism a more enduring piece than *Frenzy*, can be seen this week at the Everyman. Next week's programme includes *La Fin du Jour*.

The longest queues at the moment are for the Gaumont-British V-Day film in Technicolor. It has managed to dissemble the weather, gives a very complete view of the processions, and ends with the fireworks: a cadenza that outsoars the purest flights of Disney.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE THEATRE

"The Dove and the Carpenter," at the Arts Theatre

If you want to put world problems on the stage you must choose between dramatising their impact upon individuals and writing a Shavian dialogue in which the characters are the mouthpieces of different points of view. Mr. L. E. Jones (whose initials are familiar to students of the competition pages of this journal) has chosen the latter and easier course. His dialogue has not the brilliance of Shaw's, but is full of good cracks and wise remarks. The subject is the Peace Conference. The youthful Russian is uncompromising, difficult, but often right. The American is a moral uplifter. The British delegates come out of the Foreign Office band-box. The Chinese are wise and sceptical; Kai-lung quotations from the Chinese classics form a kind of choral commentary throughout. The professor wants us to decide the size of the world population before we plan its future. The most practical person is a representative of American Womanhood, and the most personally attractive is an Austrian girl who acts as secretary to the Conference. A final decision has to be made whether the atomic bomb should be dropped by the Security Council to prevent rioting in Albania. Humanity and the necessity of world order conflict, and the conclusion is that people who break the peace or who refuse to allow order to be kept, must be atomised, whether they live in Durazzo or London. The play is lively if not profound; it is well acted, and it tackles one bit of the problems with refreshing honesty.

T. P.

"Green Laughter," at the Comedy Theatre
"Grand National Night," at the Apollo Theatre

Between Miss Sonia Dresdel and the ultimate arid heights of personified frustration there now stands nothing but the unlucky Miss Flora Robson. The more repressed Miss Dresdel's roles become, the more varied are the effective attitudes in which she weeps. In *Green Laughter*, Miss Kohn's new drama of how ten days of true love and *haute couture* can bring

beauty and happiness to her timid, tormented heroine, Miss Dresdel's Ruth Carrington stands in endless tears amid familiar situations for the first act; and—as I had darkly anticipated when she made her first mousy entrance—in a line of ravishing creations for the second and third. The play is a tangled affair of unwieldy dialogue, desperate shifts to resolve the complications of an impossible plot, and an uneasy lack of plausible character development. Thus Mr. Anthony Hawtry appears as a caddish art-valuer (we recognise his nature and calling at once for his lines are sprinkled with reverent allusions to Botticelli and ungentlemanly sneers at Birmingham bric-à-brac), who at first hates his bride because she has unintentionally cheated him of twenty masterpieces, and because he cannot share her feeling for gambolling plaster cupids; while in Act III he suddenly decides that in lime crêpe she is worth at least an early Picasso. Three things make a rather turgid evening memorable: the moving climax of Act I, where brilliant playing is matched by a sudden astonishing but unsustained lift in the quality of the writing; the simplicity and sincerity of Mr. John Sweet's faultless performance as the purveyor of the Life Beautiful; and the problem of Miss Dresdel. One feels that one Hedda and a succession of Nurse Waylands and Mrs. Carringtons, all more or less burning away their polite exteriors with the ashy inner fires of the splendid and sterile Dolores, do not yet assure us that here we have a great actress. Miss Dresdel is a vituoso performer engaged at the moment in finding her own line of Sardoodledom in which to portray—with undeniable effect—the somewhat monotonous sorrows of being overwhelmingly female. Meanwhile, all the dodos and lories and smaller fry of London's limited tragic stage continue to swim about in the spreading pool of her tears; I wish one suitable dramatist could find his feet.

Grand National Night is a beautifully constructed, cut-to-measure West End creation of the wholly-sympathetic-hero-outwitting-only-partly-sympathetic-policeman variety, distinguished from all the others by smooth dialogue, no undue suspense, a superb caste and a double-role performance by Miss Hermione Baddeley which by its pity and comic depth moved me far more than all the well-bred agonisings of our accepted tragic acting. Miss Baddeley lives her characters to the last cracked intonation, and her tired, drunken, terrifying first scene transforms the whole play out of its pleasant unreality into unexpected nobility.

SIRIOL HUGH JONES

CORRECTION.—The part of the Karamazov father in *The Brothers Karamazov* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, was taken by Frederick Valk. We apologise for the error in his name in last week's issue.

PUBLIC SHOWS AND PRIVATE

No art-critic so far as I know has said a word about the feast of visual pleasure provided by the Government during the Victory celebrations, though St. James's Park was made into a nocturne of fabulous beauty. Fountains that were aigrettes and Bird of Paradise plumes from a distance became jewellery from Ali Baba's Cave when one was close to them; coloured lights turned the trees to a stage-setting by Fragonard; a water-wheel—who was responsible for this fine stroke of imagination?—a water-wheel sounded an unexpected and delicious rustic note: it recalled the *hameaux* of the Petit Trianon and Chantilly, and the delighted exclamations of the crowd showed that every Cockney has a touch of Marie Antoinette!

Since the Government can do so well, why, oh why, does it allow the conductors of its Savings Campaign to defy so brutally every principle of taste? They defaced Parliament Square during the celebrations with a grotesque pavilion; their posters in Piccadilly are in the oldest sense of the word indecent. What is the purpose of spending so much public money on art-education, and at the same time so sedulously debauching the public eye with lettering and drawing unsurpassable in their vulgarity?

Since no answer is likely to be provided, I had better proceed at once to the exhibition "Delacroix to Dufy" at the Lefevre Gallery. The catalogue is sold in aid of the Contemporary Art Society, which deserves and needs the support of all picture-lovers. (It is a dismal comment on our times that it has not one tenth as many members as the valuable, but not more valuable, National Arts Collections Fund.) The Lefevre exhibition is thoroughly worthy of the cause it is helping. A number of collectors, including Mrs. Beatty, have lent paintings not previously seen in London. The effect is magnificent. Cézanne dominates: one sees more and more clearly how miraculously he succeeded in making classical pictures in a most unclassical age. Then there are two superb Seurats. And look at the Renoir of the Seine at Argenteuil, a pair of lovers in a boat seen through a gap in the greenery. (If the parasol were pink, this would be the famous scene in *The Ambassadors* painted forty years before Henry James wrote it.) The little Degas of a ballet rehearsal transforms less than half a square foot of silk into an expanding vision of delight, and the large Degas nude is equally wonderful. There are two Corots, one of them holding the peculiar light of the Campagna. The Manet *Lilacs* are breathed on to the canvas with a delicacy rare in Manet. Two Pissarros turn Norwood to something as lovely as Venice. The more modern pictures are not all worthy of this company, but two small Vuillards, a Rouault and a Braque must be applauded. Finally, Picasso: the earliest picture by him I have ever seen; the touching *Fille de cirque avec chien;* and a 1944 Still Life that makes ridiculous those who pretend that Picasso is less a master than he was.

The Artists' International Association at 54 Pall Mall reveals a change of policy. Instead of showing large numbers of amateurish daubs, they have a smallish collection of pictures and sculpture mostly by highly accomplished artists, including five victims of the war, Eric Ravilious, Graham Bell, Thomas Hennell, Clive Branson and Morland Lewis. The Adams Gallery has a roomful of French pictures, most enjoyable, including two thinly painted Degas that deserve careful study, a Courbet portrait, a Cézanne, a fine Modigliani and an exceptionally gay, quite delightful Ribot.

The late Sir William Rothenstein's collection, now visible at the Leicester Galleries, includes a number of paintings of the unfamiliar Rajput Schools. While they are inclined to be less charming and refined, because less Persian, than Mogul pictures, they have a lot of character. The European part of the collection illuminates Sir William's taste alike by its treasures and by its lacunae. Nothing by Sickert or any of the Camden Town school, no French post-impressionists, but a large number of good examples of Max Beerbohm and Augustus John, and some excellent Conders and Rodins.

Then at the St. George's Gallery, there is a remarkably large and interesting collection of Daumier's lithographs. And I wish I had space to dilate on the show at Heal's of pottery made by Phyllis Keyes and decorated by Duncan Grant, Vanessa Bell, Angelica Bell, Edward le Bas, Jane Simon Bussy, Pamela Diamond and Phyllis Keyes. Before the war two Staffordshire firms with inconceivable audacity commissioned some eminent painters to decorate china services. The china itself was much of it unpleasant in quality, but some of the patterns were delicious. Mysteriously this undertaking was stifled soon after birth, though the results could have been exhibited and sold even in the most civilised countries. (Anyone who visited the old British Industries Fairs will remember that most of the china seemed designed for Hottentots.) The pots at Heal's are very well shaped and made of excellent material. The designs on them are lively and varied, showing great invention, taste and a proper feeling for the medium. The pots have been painted by the artists themselves and are therefore expensive. The interesting thing will be to see whether any large-scale manufacturer has the wits to employ these designers.

ROGER MARVELL

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CADBURYS

'AND THE SICK ARE SIMPLY LEFT TO DIE'

Hard upon the horrors of war, China must now endure pestilence and famine. Epidemics of plague, smallpox and cholera are spreading. Fifty million people are homeless. In one province alone, 'Ten million people are starving and the sick are simply left to die, due to lack of doctors and medicines'—we quote from official bulletins of the Chinese Ministry of Information.

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Correspondence

NO IRON CURTAIN

SIR,—As so much has been spoken and written during the last few months about the "Iron Curtain" which has descended across the continent of Europe from Stettin to Trieste behind which, under Soviet domination, lie the capitals of all the ancient States of Central and Eastern Europe, I wish to put on record that during the months of April and May of this year I travelled by train from Stettin on the Baltic to Trieste on the Adriatic, visiting on my journey five of the ancient capitals of Central Europe—Prague, Warsaw, Budapest, Belgrade and Vienna.

Throughout my journey of 4,000 miles across Europe I travelled alone and unconducted and as freely and unrestrictedly as through the countryside of England and Scotland. Nowhere was I required to obtain a travel permit, and at no point on the journey except when crossing frontiers was I required to produce my passport or any other document.

At no point on my journey was I ever stopped or detained by a Russian or any other official, neither my person nor my luggage were searched. I made uncensored speeches both publicly and on the radio, and no restriction was at any time placed on my meeting whomever I wished and talking with them as long as they could spare the time.

There are no Russian troops in either Czechoslovakia or Yugoslavia, and I saw fewer Russians in Warsaw than there are Poles in the streets of London. Except in Hungary, which is an occupied enemy country, I found no indication of Russian interference or attempted interference in the internal affairs of any of the countries I visited. All the Russians I met were both friendly and helpful.

Except in Czechoslovakia and Austria, which knew democracy before the war, there is not yet in Eastern Europe the same type of parliamentary democracy which we have here, but both speech and press are much freer than I had anticipated from reading the views of those in Britain who have not visited these countries since the Nazis left.

In all countries I met both Government and Opposition spokesmen, and it is my considered opinion that the coalition governments of the countries I visited in Central and Eastern Europe are working sincerely and with considerable success against great odds for the well-being of the peasants and workers who make up 90,000,000 of the 100,000,000 who live behind the "Churchill Line," and that this Iron Curtain, if it exists at all, is, as the Prime Minister suggested in the recent Foreign Affairs debate, a psychological barrier built up not by intent but by the differing experiences of the last 1,000 and, above all, the last 10 years.

I made my journey for the United Nations Association, and I believe that in the spirit of the Charter, by coming to understand the psychology of people who have suffered far more than we have, we can break down an artificial barrier which is as dangerous as it is unreal.

JOHN A. F. ENNALS

THE TYROL

SIR,—The vehemence of the protests (including Mr. Churchill's) raised as a result of the decision to return the Alto Adige to Italian custody are, no doubt, from a certain viewpoint praiseworthy but also, possibly, a little rash. It is evidently an accepted principle, whenever it is expedient, that ethnic considerations and self-determination should decide the ownership of disputed territory, and if this somewhat mechanical method of decision is to be accepted generally and as an infallible rule then there is little doubt but that the Alto Adige should have been handed over to Austria.

There are, however, elements other than the purely ethnic to be considered, and the question as to whether certain people are entitled to the democratic reward of self-determination is one that must be examined before condemning the decision of the Foreign Ministers.

It cannot be denied that the majority of the German-speaking section of the zone desires to be Austrian. It also cannot be denied, and the Italians will be the first to confess it, that the territory was forced on Italy by her Allies (1915 vintage) against the wishes of the Italian Government which at that time wanted only Trento and Trieste. However, Allied policy was then directed towards the destruction of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and the cession of the Alto Adige to Italy seemed as good a way as any to help towards that end. Since then, the territory has been developed industrially, economically and politically, and to-day North Italy obtains from there more than 13 per cent. of its electricity.

But these are neither the main nor the best arguments in justification of its return to Italy. The reason why the Alto Adige should have been given to Italy (even if this was not the reason why the Foreign Ministers awarded it) is the simple but important one that Bolzano and the surrounding countryside are hotbeds of Nazism and Nazi activity.

Early this year Bolzano presented a curious sight to the visitor. It was easy to see that the entire German-speaking section was not merely pro-German and anti-Italian but openly pro-Nazi. Local German language newspapers, although still ostensibly under the control of the Allied Military Government, contained material which would have been ludicrous if not for the fact that it was symptomatic of a state of mind which, presumably, it had been the function of the Allied Forces to wipe out for all time. In Memoriam Notices, in two of the weekly papers published in Bolzano, were printed in the following manner: "In Memory of . . . who joined the S.S. from the village of Brixon and who died on . . . facing the enemy." The significant phrases are "*joined* the S.S." and "facing the *enemy*."

These are not trivial things, but serious manifestations of a widely supported school of thought and an enthusiastically accepted philosophy. In addition, it will be remembered that this area has a tradition of pan-Germanism which finds its roots in the middle of the last century. It is also of some importance that it is the southern tip of Hitler's famous last-stand redoubt and to this day conceals in its hills groups of S.S. who presumably receive a degree of material and moral support from the native population. To the Alto Adige in the latter days of the war flowed fantastic quantities of loot and booty and it also hides numerous arms dumps, undiscovered by the Allied troops. These arms in the hands of the wrong people could play as important a part in international affairs as even Hitler planned they should. There is little doubt that the neo-Fascist gangs in Italy have received at least some of their arms from these sources and that the zone and its supplies will always be at the disposal of anti-democratic forces in Italy and elsewhere.

It could be said that the Italians of the Alto Adige were and possibly still are devout Fascists. But it should be remembered that the Italians did take part in the struggle against Fascism and Nazism and have now elected a strong anti-Fascist Assembly which should be trusted to cleanse the zone of dangerous individuals and organisations. Can the same be said of the Austrians?

To-day, the theme song is not pan-Germanism, but Austrian nationalism and this outbreak of patriotism is as concentrated, and as suspect, as the burgeoning of Austrian flags in all parts of the de-Anschlussed country during the early days of the collapse. Then, the swastikas disappeared as if by magic. But when this writer left his jeep to talk for a moment to a group of pyjama-like clad men who were basking in the sun and enjoying their first breaths of liberty from the concentration camps, he saw the sullen looks of the strolling civilians change to mystified gapings as they considered the shocking sight of a British officer associating with *common criminals*.

That was the feeling in Austria proper and perhaps

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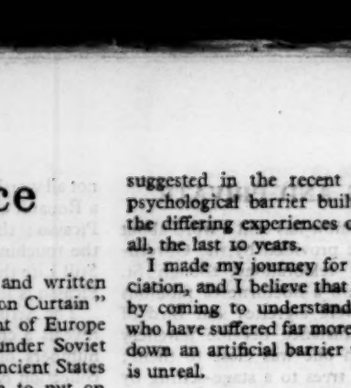

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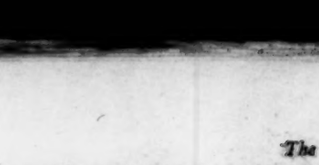

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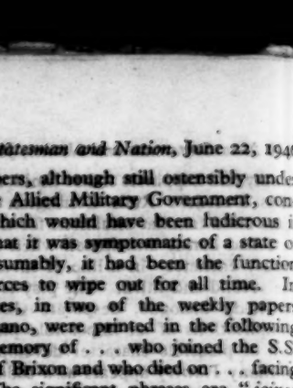

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the feeling of the German-speaking population of the Alto Adige can best be appreciated by quoting the statement of a very worthy citizen of Bolzano who proudly announced that he "was one of the fifty anti-Nazis of the South Tyrol." There is no doubt that he was an anti-Nazi and there is little reason to doubt that there were only another forty-nine who supported him in his outlook and activity. There is certainly no reason to assume that the situation has altered and that wholesale conversion to anti-Nazism has taken place.

The problem of the Alto Adige is one that cannot be solved on the basis of the rights of the German-speaking population. The only immediate solution can be one based on their wrongs—past and present.

EDWARD ELLISON

CONSCRIPTION

SIR,—Now that peace-time conscription is with us, would it be too old-fashioned to ask for some consideration of the problem from an educational point of view—in the more liberal sense of the term? A boy in his middle 'teens to-day remembers no social milieu except that of regimentation for war, his aspirations have been developed towards one particular form of service. Now this is to be crowned by two years' or eighteen months' military training (which may or may not be useful in defending this country from atomic bombs). Yet we know that whatever we give to the economic and legalistic causes of war, a great deal must also be given to psychological factors. Our whole policy towards Germany is based on this belief.

One would like to be free to bring up one's children to think without parental propaganda on highly controversial subjects such as the ethical attitude towards the taking of human life. I believe that to teach children to think, and not what to think is the highest duty of all parents and teachers. But what is one to do, if, before education is complete and when a youth reaches the most impressionable stage of his development, the State is going to barge in with two years' education of a very particular kind? The provision of a conscience clause, permitting alternative forms of national service, in no wise meets the case. One doesn't want to coach one's son into being a Conscientious Objector.

I know that comparatively few people (and apparently no daily newspapers) think like this at present; but even so, among our minority, there must be thousands of parents who believe that it is their most urgent—and sacred—duty to protect their children from the militarism that is threatening to overwhelm humanity. It is high time some educational move was made in this direction.

M. M. CHOCKSFIELD

DEMOCRACY AND SOCIALISM

SIR,—Since reading Mr. Quintin Hogg's letter I have practised scowling at a mirror with a knife in my teeth. But even so I fail to recognise myself as the pitiless fanatic, devoid of humour or humanity, that he seems to see in me, because I have the awful temerity to believe that the Labour Government ought to apply the Labour Party's foreign policy (as set forth in the National Executive Committee's Report on *The International Post-War Settlement*).

I can only plead in extenuation of my offence that we do seem to be getting into a mess through carrying on with the Tory Party's foreign policy, and that Mr. Attlee has stated that the Labour Party rejects national unity in foreign policy with capitalist parties, because home and foreign policy are inseparable, and a Socialist domestic policy makes it necessary to have a Socialist international policy.

I fear I have also failed to live up to Brigadier MacLean's expectations. He says he thought that in me he had at last found "that rare bird, a good Marxist." "But now," he muses sadly, "I am no longer so sure."

Brigadier MacLean's "good Marxist" is an artificial monstrosity, manufactured by good Tories in order to flabbergast the electorate, much as H. G. Wells's ingenious taxidermist pieced together the most astonishing creatures out of odds and ends, that were a sensation with holiday crowds at the seaside, but did not exist in nature. If he did exist, that rare bird, the good Marxist of the Tory dreams, would indeed be a veritable Blue Bird for the fallen fortunes of Toryism—hence the dream. Alas, the creature is only the equivalent of pink elephants in private life—a symptom of political *delirium tremens*.

Mr. Churchill was a premature and spectacular victim last June—he painted a nightmare vision on the wireless of life under the Attlee terror. By this time he has got to the stage where he is back in his mind to 1919, leading a phantom bigger and better war of intervention against world Communism. And now the cherubic Mr. Hogg and the normally sober Brigadier MacLean seem to have imbibed too freely of Mr. Beverley Baxter's potent brew in the *Recorder*—vintage Tory stuff, served in a mug made in Munich and laced with genuine Goebbels. It's all very shocking and dreadful, and the Tories have my sympathy.

The real issue is contained in Mr. Harold MacMillan's statement during the Third Reading of the Coal Industry Bill on May 20th:

"The problem of the 20th century is how to create an economic democracy parallel with the political democracy which has come to its full estate."

That is the problem in the old-established democracies of Western Europe and in the United States. In the U.S.A. the problem has not yet ripened to the same extent as over here. The last and greatest attempt to tackle it was in Roosevelt's New Deal. For the present it has been abandoned, and will probably not be taken up again in earnest until after the next great American slump.

Here the Labour Government is methodically and piece by piece solving the problem through the application of the programme of Socialist measures and a planned economy contained in *Let Us Face the Future*. That is only a first instalment, to be followed in due course by another five-year programme. The fundamental weakness of the Tories is that although they pay lip-service to the idea of economic democracy they haven't the foggiest notion of what to do to get it, as they are determined not to hurt the rich. Some want to go back to mid-nineteenth century small-scale private enterprise, others want to put big business in charge of the State, and still others want to combine these recipes in an unholy hodge-podge. The Liberals are in little better case.

Nevertheless, economic democracy can and will be created by the use of our "political democracy which has come to its full estate." Something similar may happen in the old West European democracies.

But in most of Europe the problem is related but different: political democracy has either never existed, or came into being only briefly and uncertainly after the first world war and was soon snuffed out by some form of Fascist dictatorship. In those countries the problem is how to create both political and economic democracy simultaneously, as a single, comprehensive operation.

Labour is committed in its foreign policy statement to the view that political democracy can be established only as part and parcel of an advance to economic democracy in the shape of Socialism. Labour is right. But the only political forces capable of doing this job in Europe are the Left-Centre coalitions running from Catholic (mostly peasant) parties on the Right to Communists on the Left, that depend for their existence on Socialist-Communist unity of action.

Labour policy is trying to pry Communists and Socialists apart in Europe, although the immediate result would be to break up the political combinations on which Socialist reconstruction and the revival of democracy in Europe depend, to give power and hope to the Fascist reaction lurking in the shadows, and to set the stage for a violent and bloody struggle between revolution and counter-revolution, backed respectively by the U.S.S.R. and the Anglo-American combination, that might end in the third world war.

This is the risk the Tories would cheerfully take rather than resign themselves to Socialist reconstruc-

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tion in Europe. But why should Labour's foreign policy be one of national unity with Mr. Churchill's anti-Communist Jehad? K. ZILLIACUS

PLOT OF JULY 20TH

SIR,—In your issue of June 15th you printed an article on the "Plot of July 20th." While feeling compelled to comment critically on it, may I first say how much I appreciate that your journal has broken the conspiracy of silence which in this country still shrouds the German political opposition to Hitler?

In attempting an outline of the underground opposition to Hitler, your correspondent mentions what he calls the "Moltke-Kreisure" group which he conjectures "may have been given strength" as a result of the unconditional surrender policy. He goes on to describe Count Moltke, grandson of Field-marshal Helmuth von Moltke, as leader of this group which "consisted of all parties, inclusive even of one or two Communists," but was "for the most part more interested in long-term planning than direct action of any kind."

Basing myself largely on a booklet by what may be the only survivor of the group, I should like to offer some corrections to this account.

The "Kreisauer Kreis" was so-named after the Silesian estate of the Moltke family where the members held frequently their meetings. Count Helmuth Moltke was not the leader of the group, though he was an active member. The head of the "Kreisauer Kreis" was Dr. Carlo Mierendorff, of Darmstadt, and, after his untimely death in an air-raid on Leipzig, Dr. Julius Leber, of Luebeck. The latter did not, as your correspondent says, work in the Trade-Union group led by Wilhelm Leuschner; he originally formed an opposition group of his own which at a later stage merged with the "Kreisauer Kreis." Both Leber and Mierendorff were former Social-Democratic members of the pre-Hitler Reichstag.

It is not correct that the "Kreisauer Kreis" consisted of all parties. For organisational reasons, but not on political principle, there were no Communists in the group. What is more relevant is that no representatives of the bourgeoisie as such belonged to the "Kreisauer Kreis," because they did not, and of course could not, accept a Socialist programme. Thus, Dr. Goerdeler in particular was not a member of the "Kreisauer Kreis." He was accepted by it as prospective Chancellor only provisionally and for reasons of expediency, namely in order not to prejudice in any way the planned *coup d'état*. Apart from old Socialists, who kept in close contact with the leader of the Trade-Union group, Leuschner, and who had established through the country a network of perhaps 15,000 men ready for an armed rising, there were in the "Kreisauer Kreis" what had previously been "Young" Conservatives as well as representatives of the Catholics, in particular of the Jesuits, and also of the Protestant Church. The whole group was agreed on the essential point of a programme of economic Socialism with its implications. In other words, the "Kreisauer Kreis" was a Socialist group in the sense that, firstly, it was built up and led by Socialists and that, secondly, it had a Socialist programme of action to which all its members had agreed.

The "Kreisauer Kreis" from the political point of view was the most important circle within the opposition. If it is not first realised that the opposition to Hitler was essentially a Socialist one, that the Socialists were the group to which the other opponents tended to rally, and that even the military opposition was willing to act in their support, the political significance of the anti-Hitler movement in Germany will be missed.

G. O. G. LUETKENS

WHEN HUMANITY PAYS

SIR,—The practical humanity of Mr. Crossman's suggestion in your current issue that this country would gain by the selective admission of Displaced Persons of whose labour it is in need, prompts me to repeat a suggestion which I made in the House of Commons to the Secretary of State for War some little time ago. It is admitted that the maintenance of forces adequate to carry out our international obligations will involve a serious call upon man-power urgently required for domestic reconstruction and for work for exports. Some alleviation of this burden could be obtained by the enlistment of homeless foreign volunteers in a British Foreign Legion. There is plenty of good human material available. Some of it has been proved to be of the highest military quality. Provided that units of the legion contained a proper mixture of nationalities, and that they were officered by British subjects, not even the most suspicious foreign government could attribute political motives to the formation of such a force. French experience has shown that the legion's military value would not be impaired by such arrangements, and that the obvious linguistic difficulties can be overcome. Such a force could appropriately be included in our contribution to the forces of Uno. And immediately it would both give a new life to men whose present ones are purposeless, and help to ease our own heavy burdens. Perhaps, Sir, you may be more successful with Mr. Lawson than I have been so far.

JOHN BOYD-CARPENTER

House of Commons.

MORALS AND POLITICS

SIR,—The suggestion made by Mr. Kingsley Martin that there is a Papal "party line" which by implication is infallible does not seem to be in accordance with the facts of Catholic teaching.

In his Christmas (1944) message, translated as "Democracy and Peace," the present Pope repeated the teaching of Leo XIII: "the Church does not condemn any of the various forms of government, provided that they are in themselves adapted to secure the welfare of the citizens." This means in practice that Catholics are free to join the party of their choice provided its philosophy does not involve a denial of the Christian religion and is not contrary to what Catholic philosophers call "the natural law." Since Communism, officially committed to Dialectical Materialism, is in some important respects anti-Christian, membership of both the C.P. and the Catholic Church is, logically enough, regarded as incompatible. There is, however, still plenty of room left for disagreement among Catholic politicians. Since such clerical-Fascists as Mgr. Tiso and General Franco, such Social-Democrats as Mr. Stokes and Lord Pakenham, and such "Social-Liberals" as M. Bidault and Dr. Gruber are all members of the Catholic Church, it is difficult to believe in Mr. Martin's "Papal party line."

GORDON SEWELL

THEY CAME TO A CITY

SIR,—I should like to report on the remarkable reception that J. B. Priestley's play, *They Came to a City* had here in Oldenburg, North-West Germany. This town is renowned for its stuffy, conservative atmosphere and at present probably the main stronghold of German reaction. We were thus exceedingly curious to see how Priestley would be received. It turned out to be overwhelming. An inspired performance of rare perfection moved the audience to applause that lasted for over 20 minutes and brought a lump to our throats. Undoubtedly, the spark of Priestley's message had kindled a flame in the heart of the Germans. We were moved, overjoyed—and puzzled. Was it possible that they had fully grasped Priestley's Socialist vision, conditioned by the specifically British background of the play, this "dramatised editorial of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION"? Or was it a light and lead to these souls in a political vacuum, more desperately wanted than a drink of water is by the thirsty? We could not tell—but there it was—the Socialist message had set the hearts of Oldenburg aflame. One wished the author could have been present—there wasn't one-tenth of the enthusiasm at the London performance.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

I HAVE been reading *Wuthering Heights* again, after 20 years, a novel which is often regarded as poetical, mystical and fabulous. No people like Heathcliff and Catherine, it is said, ever existed. *Wuthering Heights* is indeed a poetical novel; but when I was reading it, it seemed to me the most realistic statement about the Yorkshire people of the isolated moorland and dales that I have ever read. I am a southerner; but I spent a good deal of my childhood in those Northern cottages and I recognise the implacable, belligerent people of Emily Brontë's novel at once. The trap used to pick you up at the branch line station and in a few miles you were on the moors, the wind standing against you like an enemy, the moorland drizzle making wraiths over the endless scene, and the birds whimpering in cries of farewell, like parting ghosts. Austere, empty, ominous were the earth and sky, and the air was fiercer and more violent than in the South. The occasional small stone houses stuck up like forts, the people themselves seemed, to a southerner, as stern as soldiers, and even the common sentences they spoke were so turned that, but for a quizzical glitter in the eyes of the speaker, one might have taken their words as challenge, insult or derision. I do not mean that these remote Yorkshire people were not kindly and hospitable folk; but one had not to live among them for long, before one found that their egotism was naked, their hatred unending. They seemed to revel in an hostility which they called frankness or bluntness; but which—how can I put it?—was an attempt to plant all they were, all they could be, all they represented as people, unyieldingly before you. They expected you to do the same. They despised you if you did not. They had the combative pride of clansmen and, on their lonely farms, clans they were and had been for hundreds of years. I can think of episodes in my own childhood among them which are as extraordinary as some of the things in *Wuthering Heights*; and which, at first sight, would strike the reader as examples of pitiable hatred and harshness. Often they were. But really their fierceness in criticism, the pride, and the violence of their sense of sin was the expression of a view of life which put energy and the will of man above everything else. To survive in these parts, one had to dominate and oppose.

There is no other novel in the English language like *Wuthering Heights*. It is unique first of all for its lack of psychological dismay. Never, in a novel, did so many people hate each other with such zest, such Northern zest. There is a faint, homely pretence that Nelly, the housekeeper and narrator, is a kindly, garrulous old body; but look at her. It is not concealed that she is a spy, a go-between, a secret opener of letters. She is a wonderful character, as clear and round as any old nurse in Richardson or Scott; but no conventional sentiment encases her. She is as hard as iron and takes up her station automatically in the battle. Everyone hates, no one disguises evil in this book; no one is "nice." How refreshing it is to come across a Victorian novel which does not moralise, and yet is very far from amoral. How strange, in Victorian fiction, to see passion treated as the natural pattern of life. How refreshing to see the open skirmishing of egotism, and to see life crackling like a fire through human beings; a book which *feels* human beings as they feel to themselves.

And that brings us to the more important difference between *Wuthering Heights* and the other English novels of the nineteenth century: Emily Brontë is not concerned with man and society, but with his unity with nature. He, too, is a natural force, not the product of a class. Her view is altogether primitive. Often wild romanticism, the fiery murk of the Gothic revival, threaten to impair her picture; but these literary echoes are momentary. Her spirit is naturally pagan and she appears to owe nothing at all to the general traditions of our novel which has fed upon the sociability of men and women and the preaching of reform. (D. H. Lawrence, who used to be compared with her in the heyday of mysticism twenty years back, is utterly cut off from her by his preaching, by the nonconformist ache.) This isolation of Emily Brontë is startling, and only Conrad and Henry James, in their very different ways, were parallel to her. Here perhaps lies a clue: they were foreigners who were crossed with us. By some Mendelian accident, Emily Brontë seems to have reverted to the Irish strain in the Brontë family and to have slipped back, in the isolation and the intense life of the Yorkshire moors, to an earlier civilisation. She is pre-Christian. The vision of the union of man and nature is natural to her. Or rather, as in many writers of split racial personality, one sees two countries, two civilisations, two social histories in conflict. In an admirable essay Lord David Cecil says she is really moved by the principle of storm and the principle of rest. The gentler second generation patiently resolves the conflict of its fathers.

But storm and rest, what are they if not the Irish and the English in Emily Brontë? The actual split in the form of the novel itself, so often criticised and occasionally defended, is the split between Ireland and Yorkshire. Yorkshire has moralised her theme, brought it to earth, checked the Irish tendency to produce giants and heroes. To the Yorkshire Protestant turned pagan, the passions are not Irish demi-gods moaning tendentious poetry upon the western burial grounds; but devils incarnate, superb devils, indifferent to the denunciation of the Northern chapel. They are energies. And the authentic voice of the moorland people's realism is heard in the housekeeper's reflections on the early days of the first Catherine's marriage:

> I believe I may assert that they were really in possession of deep and growing happiness.
>
> It ended. Well, we *must* be for ourselves in the long run; the mild and generous are only more justly selfish than the domineering; and it ended when circumstances caused each to feel that the one's interest was not the chief consideration in the other's thoughts.

Or in Heathcliff's words:

> I have no pity! I have no pity! The more the worms writhe, the more I yearn to crush out their entrails! It is a moral teething; and I grind with greater energy, in proportion to the increase of pain.

There is the scheme of our nature before morality has chiselled us. I remember from my childhood, what pride the Northern preachers took in the pride of the devil.

If Emily Brontë saw her leading characters as elemental spiritual types, she did not leave them simple and boring. We can see exactly the superstructure of character. We know quite well why Catherine became Catherine. An unflinching Northern shrewdness marked the duality of her character and saw that the duality gave her wilfulness, her caprice and her power to wound. Heathcliff is an understandable monster. There is a faint suggestion of the Victorian social conscience in the creation of him. He is the slum orphan. He represents, in a sense perhaps remote, the passion of the outraged poor. So utterly crushed, he will crush utterly if he arises. He has the exorbitant will to power. He would—indeed he does—run a concentration camp. In a sense the struggle between Catherine and himself is a class struggle. This is a point worth keeping at the back of one's mind because it is too easy to regard Emily Brontë as a writer who was mystical in the void. But there is another aspect of him. Compare him with Charlotte Brontë's portrait of Rochester. Charlotte's desired villain is a feminine day-dream; Emily's Heathcliff is not a day-dream at all. His ancestor in literature is Lovelace, the superb male in full possession of the power of conspiracy and seduction. Heathcliff's appalling words to the housekeeper in front of his wife, Isabella, recalls the letters of Lovelace:

> But at last, I think she begins to know me: I don't perceive the silly smiles and grimaces that provoked me at first; and the senseless incapability of discerning that I was in earnest when I gave her my opinion of her infatuation and herself. It was a marvellous effort of perspicacity to discover that I did not love her. I believed, at one time, no lessons could teach her that! And yet it is poorly learnt; for this morning she announced, as a piece of appalling intelligence, that I had actually succeeded in making her hate me! . . . Are you sure you hate me? If I let you alone for half a day, won't you come sighing and wheedling to me again? I dare say she would rather I had seemed all tenderness before you: it wounds her vanity to have the truth wholly exposed.

But Heathcliff is not so admirable a villain as Lovelace; Heathcliff lacks the force of the male intellect. He is Lucifer without the mind and with a mere appetite for property; though, here again, it is interesting to note that he, like Lovelace, is moved to act by the desire for revenge upon the woman's family. Yet, if he is inferior to Lovelace, like Lovelace he is deified by his passion. The destinies of Lovelace and Clarissa are spiritually linked for ever by Clarissa's death; the destinies of Heathcliff and Catherine are linked for ever, not spiritually, but as it were by natural law; not by the immortality of the soul only but by the immortality of the earth:

> My love for Linton is like the foliage in the woods: time will change it, I'm well aware, as winter changes the trees. My love for Heathcliff resembles the eternal rocks beneath: a source of little visible delight, but necessary. Nelly, I *am* Heathcliff. He's always, always in my mind; not as a pleasure, any more than I am always a pleasure to myself, but as my own being.

The power of *Wuthering Heights* grows and is sustained by its plain language and because, at no point, does the writer forget the detail of house or moorland. The storm is intolerable because we have to stand resisting it with our feet clinging to the earth; Emily Brontë would be lost if that storm became rhetorical. But I am one of those who are not carried on by the second part of the story. I can see its moral necessity, but I do not *feel* its logic. Grotesque elements bob up at the break between the two tales. To hear afterwards that Catherine was in advanced pregnancy during the wonderful last scene with Heathcliff, which seems to me the highest moment in the English literature of passionate love, is a physical offence. And then in the beating-up scene later, when Heathcliff breaks in and starts his Dachau act, there are descriptive excesses. One grins back at his "cannibal face" with its "sharp teeth" at the window; and when, on top of all this, Hareton comes in and announces he has been hanging puppies, one lets out the laugh one had reserved for the murder of the children in *Jude the Obscure*. This is just Gothic stuff. The second Catherine has her captivation, but you feel she is a poor creature to fall for Hareton whose long history as a problem-child will take a lot of living down. We have entered the field of psychological realism and social allegory and we are not sure that we have the proper guide. I do not mean that this part of the book is less well written. The characters, the incident, the scene are just as well done as in the earlier part, which is to say that they are beautifully done; and there is always the irresistible pleasure of seeing the wheel turn full circle. But the high power has gone, the storm has spent its force, Heathcliff has become a set character; the devil—and this is surely a decline—has become vicious instead of diabolical. Only, in the last pages, when he fancies he sees the first Catherine again and when, starving himself to death, he begins to relive that ineluctable love, does the power return. And those last pages reconcile us to the moral necessity of the second part of a novel which is not, as some have said, carelessly constructed, but unevenly felt.

V. S. PRITCHETT

FASCIST ROME

Rome Under the Terror. By M. DE WYSS. *Robert Hale.* 15s.

On the morning of June 5th, 1944, when the Fifth Army entered Rome, it was difficult to reconcile the stories of suffering and terror, which the agitated Romans were so eager to tell, with the apparently unbruised and placid beauty of the scene. Here and there in the outer parts of the city were some dusty battle-scars, but the core was intact, and to see it in its perfection after having so lately seen the ruins of the Liri valley, of Albano and Velletri, was to catch, in one's heart as much as in the eye, a sudden view of the splendours of peace. But there was no peace in the tales the Romans told. Nothing there but fear and bombs, intrigue and torture, sudden disappearances, hunger, armoured cars in a midnight street, rifle-fire at a corner, and lions in the Capitol. And because one's eyes were pleased, one's ears were impatient.

But here is a revelation of the Romans' state of mind, in the year before Rome fell, that gives authority to their complaints. Miss de Wyss kept a diary, and kept it with such a busy, nervous insistence on the conflict and confusion of hope and rumour, disappointment and dread, that one can almost hear in its pages the buzz and counter-buzz of the bewildered swarm, and feel its recurrent fear of a veiled figure coming some day to fumigate the sacred hive. At bars, in cafés, on the telephone, and in friends' houses there is continual gossip. Names are tossed to and fro: Bonomi, Orlando, Badoglio, Clara Petacci, Bastianini, Cadorna, and the King—they are saying this, they are doing that, but nothing they say or do brings peace, and nothing but peace is any good. The people fret themselves with wild hopes and false alarms. They demand new leaders, but no leaders can be found. They are delighted when the Allies land in Calabria and Salerno, then angry because they do not advance more quickly. Sometimes there are mutilated bodies; always tormented minds.

Gossip Under the Terror might be a better title for the book. It should not be read as an historical document, but as a social record it is fascinating and apparently honest. Miss de Wyss has not borrowed eventual wisdom to deck herself with the sapience of a prophet, and though her gossip gives the impression of drawing its information from fairly high levels, she makes no pretence of knowing the whole story from inside. On September 3rd, for example, she is astounded to hear that negotiations for an armistice are "not only begun, but nearly finished"; though it was in mid-August that Badoglio's envoy arrived in Madrid with proposals for a capitulation. Her ceaseless flood of reported conversations is therefore no evidence of a free exchange of official secrets in Rome, and her scorn of Italian incompetence goes perhaps too far: the Italian Government was sometimes able to conceal its intentions from both the Germans and Miss de Wyss.

Her comments on our failure to exploit immediately the successful landing at Anzio will revive some remembered bitterness, for according to her the road to Rome was then wide open, there was chaos at German headquarters, and the Germans were ready to evacuate the city. But two divisions was a small force with which to secure a port, strike inland to take an objective of the first importance, and maintain communications, too, while south of it Kesselring's lately reinforced army stood in unbroken strength from Cassino to the sea; and though more initiative might indeed have been shown by the commander of the bridgehead in Latium, the real cause of our successive disappointments in Italy was undoubtedly the meagreness of our forces there. Plans had already been laid for the invasion of Normandy, and while strength was being jealously gathered for *Overlord*, General Alexander had often to fight his campaign on a shoestring.

But if the author's judgment is sometimes of little value, she excuses it with pleasant anecdotes. Of Himmler, for instance, who when told about the hatred of Germany in occupied countries, replied: "Yes, undoubtedly there exists some hatred, and one doesn't know why." And of Italian provincialism — Badoglio broadcast a speech that Miss de Wyss thought well of, but her friends in Rome made faces. They admitted it was good. "But," they said, "he has a strong Piedmontese accent which we Italians don't like."

ERIC LINKLATER

ANIMUS AND ANIMA

The Mind and Heart of Love. By M. C. D'ARCY. *Faber.* 15s.

This brilliant, fascinating and bewildering book is introduced by the publishers in the following words: "The subject of the book is of interest to everyone; and Father D'Arcy's lucidity of style, and his power of exposition and argument, make it possible for him to lead the general reader through strange labyrinths of thought." "Labyrinth" is a well-chosen word. Weaving our way backwards and forwards through the maze, we pant after our guide; at times we lose sight of him and give ourselves up for lost, but we catch sight of a cassock whisking round a corner and on we go, to the centre of the labyrinth. And what do we find? Two figures: Animus and Anima. "They are the human equivalents of what the dominant and passive, the masculine and feminine are in the animal." They represent the reasonable self-regarding side of us, which seeks such perfection as our human natures, or essences, can attain, and the other-regarding instinctual side of us, which yearns to give rather than take, the existing centre of our very being. They are the Mind and Heart of Love. As we look at them they change colour and relationship, sometimes reason dominates passion, sometimes passion escapes control, sometimes they merge in harmonious regard for each other's function. That they are two does not surprise us. As the alley-ways dissolved into one another our guide spoke in dualistic terms of masculine and feminine, active and passive, dominant and recessive, Eros and Agape. These last, and their relations, have been our Ariadne's thread; they are allegorical formulations of possessive and self-sacrificing love. Eros and Animus, Agape and Anima correspond—more or less.

At the animal level the masculine Animus possesses the beloved, and the beloved surrenders completely to the needs of the species to death, perhaps. In man, however, we have persons among persons—the "I—Thou" relation. Self-regard is legitimate because personal integrity must be preserved, but possession—the kind of thing you can do to an "it"—you must restrain in the presence of a "Thou." Animus tries to domineer and use the beloved for his own ends, when Eros is in the ascendant. Anima, too, has springs of animality, and also a desire to lose herself so completely in the Other that, unless controlled by Animus, she passes from abasement to obliteration. (Hence, says Father D'Arcy, the death motif in romantic literature.) What is needed is so balanced a relationship that: "The two serve each other's ends, and bring it about that perfect love is mutual giving and taking, possessing and being possessed."

But this is not enough. "Love," we are told, "cannot end in human relationships." Animus and Anima have a cosmic as well as a biological genealogy. We go right back to form imposing itself on yielding matter, the essential nature confining infinite existence, the Many engendered by the One. The self-immolating urge of Anima springs from her loneliness, confined and shut away from the immensities from which she sprang. Hence the *Angst* of Kirkegaard, the "unquiet heart" of St. Augustine. Wrenching herself free from Animus, the soul may seek self-absorption in the Absolute—that is the way of Huxley and the East. It is condemned. It is atavistic and misses the point of man's nature as a person. It is a phoney kind of Agape. From many quarters Father D'Arcy brings his evidence of the pride of Animus and the fall of Anima: primitive religion, Moloch, Wotan, Gnosticism, Buddhism, and the political doctrine of personal suicide on the altar of the impersonal State. No, man's plenitude does not lie in the obliteration of self, but in fulfilment, and fulfilment means preservation and enrichment of personality, satisfying the legitimate demands of rational self-love, and the transcendent aspirations of Anima, who moves "away from the limited unstable life it has towards the existent ground of all beings." Towards the Absolute? "These words about the Absolute and all this impersonal language is detestable." We are, in fact, operating throughout with the astonishing hypothesis that there is a personal God, Who loves us. We are under the obligation to love Him, presumably because we have such obvious evidence of His affection, and because love is the mode in which "the existential disquiet directs me towards the Infinite." It is here that bewilderment sets in. The nature of the personality of God, and the meaning of the word "love" in connection with Him, present us with delicious puzzles, and those who enjoy logical tight-rope walking will relish Father D'Arcy's elegant manœuvres, though they may sometimes have an uncomfortable feeling that familiar words are being used in somewhat unfamiliar senses.

But what about the wide appeal this subject is said to have? To begin with, it is a difficult book (and that is no denial of "Father D'Arcy's lucidity of style"), so that there will be a good many non-starters. Then there are the "nothing-but"-ers, who delight in identifying our aspirations with our inhibitions: they will take a very indirect interest in Father D'Arcy's views. Those who feel that personal relations are important, and something more than the mere omitting of an emission, will enjoy his analysis of Eros and Agape on the human plane. They may wonder why the perfect personal relationship seems only possible in the context of Christian marriage, why Agape cannot join one person with several others, and whether friendship is conveniently linked with the feminine and passive poles of their appropriate pairs of opposites, but they will applaud Father D'Arcy's insistence on the difference between possession and mutuality. Those who feel that man's intimations of infinitude are a sound basis for metaphysical inference will go a little further. Those who accept the Christian doctrine and those whose Animi have a liking for the process of intellection as such, will go the whole way, with varying rewards at the end of the journey. From all which it will be seen that while Father D'Arcy's views are of great interest to the philosophically minded, they cannot be expected to appeal to a very wide public. It has been impossible to give any just impression of the wealth of material to which the author introduces us: the works of French and Danish theologians, the mystics, the existentialists, the psycho-analysts and so on, but we may express the hope that in future editions the less learned may be helped by a few more references and a fuller index.

W. J. H. SPROTT

CELLULOID POLITICS

Films: An Alternative to Rank. By FREDERIC MULLALLY. *Socialist Book Centre.* 2s.

Those who have applauded Mr. Rank's arrival as the undisputed monopolist of the British film industry have always had two supposedly devastating replies to his critics. The industry, they say, will stand or fall by its ability to capture overseas markets at present dominated by Hollywood: Mr. Rank's great and complex machine provides the only possible means by which this can be done. If this argument fails to convince, they fall back on the other defence by asserting that, once created, the monopoly cannot be broken down without ruining the industry and that, anyway, there is now no workable alternative. It is the latter contention that finds the weak spots in the critics' armour. For, short of the

nationalisation of the industry, many have found it difficult to see how Rank's powers can be limited without establishing the undesirable precedent of official intervention in cultural affairs.

It is to Mr. Mullally's credit that he effectively demolishes the first thesis and puts forward an answer to the second which, at least in outline, cannot offend even the most jealous defender of artistic liberty. In passing, let me add that the remainder of this small book gives a concise analysis of the development and present state of the film industry in this country.

The question of production for export markets is crucial. At present, British-made films occupy about a fifth of the screen space in this country: the remaining 80 per cent. is taken almost entirely by the output of the American studios. As Mr. Mullally points out, Rank controls the two biggest cinema circuits here. From them, rather than from his production interests, he draws his most stable profits—from the exhibition of this overwhelming majority of American pictures. Rank runs no financial risk in the making of these films, but if their numbers were reduced and the gap had to be bridged by the products of British studios, he would have to commit himself more deeply in the chancy sphere of production. This is why he has not opposed the recent decision of American companies to set up for themselves over here. In return, he has secured a small share of the vast American market. But he has endeavoured to persuade his critics here that it is better to try to break into that market in a big way—and, all told, British films have earned only about £1,500,000 there—than make a real effort to secure a larger share of screen space in this country. Apart from the fact that there is no real evidence that Rank can successfully stage this invasion, there are two vital objections to the policy. First, it means that the virile idiom which British films have now begun to learn will be sacrificed to the production of extravagant imitations of Hollywood: secondly, it creates a most dangerous situation in the industry. For if Rank's ambitions are frustrated, it will be comparatively easy for him to pull out of production altogether and fall back on his lucrative circuits, screening the mass of American films which would stream into the vacuum left by the collapse of serious British production. It is also worth noting that two of the big American companies have financial interests in the Rank organisation and that it acts as distributor for two more.

Desiring to promote independent producers—who are now driven by the monopoly's control of distribution to accept its terms or its embraces—Mr. Mullally turns to the Government for help. He proposes to take the making and direction of policy away from the Board of Trade and vest it in a Film Commission, a nominated body whose members would represent the critics, the public, the Government and educational and artistic circles. This Commission would be answerable to Parliament through the President of the Board of Trade. Part of its task would be the provision of low-interest loans to any independent producer whose projects constituted a fair business risk. The Commission should also have studio space at its disposal which it could allocate to approved schemes, starting with any studios still under Government requisition and, later, building or financing the erection of new studios. The Commission would have its own renting organisation, which would provide exhibitors with a free choice of films it had financed and, after deduction of the amount of its loan and appropriate costs, pass on the balance to the producer. The renting organisation would be hived off from the Commission and run on business lines, except that it would be non-profit-making. The Commission would certainly require power to secure a certain proportion of screen-space for independent productions—part of this obligation has recently been accepted by exhibitors—but it might need further authority to deal with anyone who unreasonably witholds bookings in specialised areas, like the London cinema belt.

These proposals, Mr. Mullally hastens to add, do not, as so many other solutions imply, mean that there will be censorship or unreasonable restrictions upon films produced or shown here. They would leave Rank and the Americans free to make any kind of film they liked and the only test the Film Commission would apply was whether an independent project was likely to get its money back. They would, however, create the opportunity for independent producers to use if they wished.

This alternative may not be completely satisfying—so much, for instance, depends upon the composition of the Commission—but it is moderate and a useful contribution to the debate. It may well be that something of the sort will be required to save the British film industry.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

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AN ARTIST IN LETTER-WRITING

Madame de Sévigné. Her Letters and Her World. ARTHUR STANLEY. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 15s.

Recording the death of Madame de Sévigné in his Memoirs, Saint-Simon, amongst other praises, speaks of her as invariably *bonne* and *aimable* These epithets recur in other contemporary accounts of her; they are repeated by modern critics. They cannot be applied to the proud, splenetic Saint-Simon. If he uses them, we may be sure that they are just. For the disappointed "man of opposition" was not accustomed to flatter the models he so mercilessly dissects.

Madame de Sévigné, if we compare her with the two other great literary ladies of the Age of Louis XIV, may not have had the strong intelligence and character of Madame de Maintenon, who was disciplined in a harder school; or the delicate sensibility of the authoress of the *Princesse de Clèves*, her friend, Madame de la Fayette. She had a sense of humour that they lacked; a gaiety of heart that preserved her from the Puritanism of her friends of Port Royal; a balance that protected her from the preciousness of the other familiar circle of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Unpretentious, simple at heart, "she knew a great deal about everything"—to quote Saint-Simon again—"without seeming to know anything at all." Thus "by special decree of Providence" she was predestined to be the best of all letter-writers in French literature, with the possible exception of Voltaire.

Were there any flaws in this pattern of perfection? It seems hardly "amiable" to look for them. But they exist.

One weakness she shares with her time, with that "world" of which Mr. Arthur Stanley gives a mere sketch in elucidation of the letters he chooses to translate: the world of an ornamental aristocracy, stripped of its traditional functions, summoned from its territorial duties by the policy of an ostentatious Court, and condemned to a sycophantic attendance upon a "Great Monarch" who regarded himself as an institution, glorified by preposterous wars and pretentious buildings: manias of which he repented, too late, upon his deathbed. Neither her good sense nor her sense of humour could save Madame de

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Sévigné from the customary Byzantine prostrations before the pompous King. She will fall into an ecstasy if he addresses her; she will swoon over the recollection of a dance with him. His word is the law of God. And when, in one of the biggest of the blunders in a reign that prepared the Revolution, Louis XIV began his cruel and stupid persecution of the Huguenots, the "kind," the "amiable," Madame de Sévigné not only accepts, but enthusiastically approves. For her, in her simplicity, Huguenots were "demons." Her son-in-law was amongst those appointed to butcher these demons in the recesses where they hid themselves.

So far can loyalty corrupt. And idolatry also can corrupt its objects. Madame de Sévigné's almost pathological adoration of her daughter produced what one might have expected. We do not hear much about this child, this Madame de Grignan, from Mr. Stanley. Her letters in reply to the mother were destroyed. But reading between the lines, one discovers that Madame de Grignan (like Chesterfield's oafish son) was dull, unresponsive, cold; not the friend of her mother's friends; a disdainful nobody who would turn up her nose at M. de la Rochefoucauld, the Cardinal de Retz, Racine and Madame de la Fayette. The son, too, Charles, seems to have been a feeble creature. Indeed, in her near relationships, Madame de Sévigné had only one piece of luck. Having married an extravagant and foolish man, with a craze for duelling, she early lost him—in a duel.

Of these private persons, as of the public ones who paraded on that superficially magnificent stage, Mr. Stanley gives us only a shadowy picture. To see them as they were in the flesh we have to go back to the letters. And we had better go back to these in French, for Mr. Stanley does not convince us that they are translatable. He disarms us by modestly admitting that "this old French wine must lose much of its sparkle when put into English bottles." Undoubtedly; but need the wine acquire, in the process, a sort of froth and bubbling as of explosive ginger beer? To give an example, need so frequent a phrase of common exclamation as *Mon Dieu* be rendered profanely as *My God* in the simplest of assertions? Madame de Sévigné was described as an eminently *honnête femme*. "The most honest person in Paris," repeats Mr. Stanley, as though the great lady could be trusted not to steal spoons. But I will not insist. Those who cannot meet Madame de Sévigné in France, "her pen trotting" (in Sainte-Beuve's metaphor) "with a loose rein" may at least scrape a passing acquaintanceship with her here in England, even if her interpreter makes her sound skittish instead of witty, arch instead of gay, a chatterbox instead of a supreme exponent of the art of epistolary conversation.

RICHARD JENNINGS

A HISTORY OF BURMA

Europe and Burma. By D. G. E. HALL. *Oxford University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is a modest book. In his preface the author declares it to be "no more than an outline designed to map out a hitherto uncharted region." What he has done is to throw together into a connected narrative the relations of Burma with Europe. From the 13th century, when Marco Polo wrote of Burma in his *Travels*, until Great Britain annexed it in 1885, five hundred years elapsed, or four hundred from Vasco da Gama's arrival in India, the date when the western tide set against Asia. During the earlier centuries the Portuguese, and then the Dutch, entered Burma, the first as mercenaries and the second as traders. After establishing themselves in Bengal in the 17th/18th centuries, the British became its western neighbour. And in the 19th century, the French, when they seized Annam, were on its eastern frontier. For a time it was a question which of the two would swallow Burma. Britain did so in three gulps, in 1825, 1852 and 1885.

It is the main facts of this story which Mr. Hall seeks to set on a firm historical basis. Parts of it were well known, but no one had connected these parts into a whole. There were gaps in the narrative and also certain of the major events had not been fully sifted. Mr. Hall fills these gaps and provides throughout a more solid summary of what happened than has any previous writer. To achieve this result he has made an exhaustive study of the sources, which are fairly voluminous, and has recorded what he found succinctly and without bias. The work, therefore, is a valuable contribution to our knowledge. It is no exaggeration to say that in future every student of the subject will be obliged to consult Mr. Hall's work as the leading textbook.

The general reader, however, will find the work somewhat dull. If diligently read, it is clear, but it is not as clear as an experienced writer would have been able to make it. The style, though in general adequate for a summary, is sometimes boyish and sometimes slangy. The writer, having as his chief object the correct establishment of leading events, eschews detail interesting in itself. In his sources he had to hand a quantity of dramatic, strange and amusing information. All sorts of quaint characters are to be found therein, both European and Asiatic, men and women. And there are numerous scenes of rich comedy and high romance. Mr. Hall, however, omits all such things or if, in order to develop his sequences, he is obliged to mention them, his terseness is such that the breath goes out of them. I called his book modest for this reason. It may well be that he did not conceive of himself as capable of relating with broad humanity the story offered to him by his sources, that he knew himself to be without the command of language and the width of culture required for a statement which would be at once a work of scholarship and of art. He therefore confined himself deliberately to what he knew that he could do well and, though aware of the sort of book which might be written, preferred, rather than attempt it himself, to provide a sound foundation upon which another could construct it. But this is the self-effacing office of the academic historian.

MAURICE COLLIS

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"To write poems for other than poets is wasteful." I wonder how far Mr. Graves, who dangles this opinion in the very brief foreword to his *Poems*, 1938–1945, really believes in it. If he means what he says, it is a curious profession of faith, and not, apparently, one that goes with an abounding talent. For, despite its title, this is a lean little volume—a bare forty pages of text. Has the world shown lately a greater disinclination for poetry? Or has it always rejected? Which in fact has dried up, public appreciation or Mr. Graves?

The flavour, at any rate, of this handful of poems and satires is dry, bitter, cryptic, epigrammatic. Compression, when it comes to the point, makes a poor substitute for elation, and

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Mr. Graves is no Marvell or Gautier who by laboriously refining makes brighter. A certain roughness of texture, cunningly retained, like the knots in wood, formed at one time an essential part of Mr. Graves's talent. All now is grain and polish; the fetching oddity has given way to wit. At its best this wit can achieve notable effects—

> Lovers in the act dispense
> With such meum-tuum sense
> As might warningly reveal
> What they must not pick or steal,
> And their nostrum is to say:
> "I and you are both away."
>
> After, when they disentwine
> You from me and yours from mine,
> Neither can be certain who
> Was that I whose mine was you.
> To the act again they go
> More completely not to know.
>
> Theft is theft and raid is raid
> Though reciprocally made.
> Lovers, the conclusion is
> Doubled sighs and jealousies
> In a single heart that grieves
> For lost honour among thieves.

Few such poems, however, detach themselves from this spare collection, which adds little more than a considered footnote to the volume of Mr. Graves's work.

The Voyage, and Other Poems, is the fourth or fifth book of verse published by Mr. Edwin Muir. (Why aren't we given a complete list on the page facing the title?) Since he is a poet who on the whole has been overlooked, one tries to find reasons. He has gained authority as a critic: that is one reason (though an indefensible one). Another springs from the nature of Mr. Muir's poetry, which is not of a kind to bowl us over and has developed slowly. He must be read patiently or even to-day his good qualities may escape one. Reflective, apart, coolly eloquent, scrupulous in the face of experience, he never greatly raises or drops his voice. But the poems add up, and passages as unobtrusively fine as the following are not uncommon—Moses on Pisgah:

> But we did not see
> We did not see and Moses did not see,
> The great disaster, exile, diaspora,
> The holy bread of the land crumbled and broken
> In Babylon, Caesarea, Alexandria
> As on a splendid dish, or gnawed as offal.
> Nor did we see, beyond, the ghetto rising,
> Toledo, Cracow, Vienna, Budapesth,
> Nor, had we seen, would we have known our people,
> In the wild disguises of fantastic time,
> Packed in dense cities, wandering countless roads,
> And not a road in the world to lead them home.

This passage would, no doubt, excite the contempt of Mr. Roy Campbell, for whom any mention of Jews, Reds, modern poets, the Left-wing, or the B.B.C. provides an occasion for ranting. *Talking Bronco* is, in fact, as devoid of poetry as any book written by its author could well be. Apart from perhaps a dozen pages of genuine poetry (and these below the level of his early work) the book rocks on in a monotony of Hudibrastic comment. Mr. Campbell is bitten by a single topic: some Left-wing poet who makes money by encouraging his fellow-countrymen to die in Spain. No such figure, particular or generic, could ever have existed, but that doesn't worry Mr. Campbell once he is on his rocking horse. This is how he sees himself:

> So History looks the winner in the mouth
> Though but a dark outsider from the South,
> A Talking Bronco, sharked from ear to ear
> With laughter, like a running bandolier,
> With teeth, like bullets fastened in their clips,
> To chew the thunder and to spit the pips,
> Ejecting from the breech, in perfect time,
> The shells of meter and the shucks of rhyme . . .

He himself fought for Franco, and then as a volunteer in the British Army. Again and again we are reminded of this, in terms of emphatic self-commendation. I don't doubt either his wrongheadedness or his courage; but it seems a pity that a poet who began with the high promise of *Adamastor* should dwindle down to the mechanical diatribes of *Talking Bronco*.

Mr. Lawrence Durrell's second volume reinforces the qualities of his first. He is extraordinarily sensitive to place, and it was a fortunate chance that brought him to the Mediterranean:

> Here for the five lean dogs of sense
> Greece moved in calm memorial
> Through her own unmuffled blue,
> Bearing in rivers upside down
> The myrtle and the olive, in ruins
> The faces of the innocent in wells.
>
> Salt and garlic, water and dry bread,
> Greek bread from the comb they know
> Like an element in sculpture:
> By these red aerial cherries,
> Or flawed grapes painted green
> But fronted into breasts: as well
> By those great quarries of the blood—
> The beating crimson hearts of the grenades:
> All far beyond the cupidity of verses
> Or the lechery of images to tell.

Greece, the islands, Alexandria, Egypt, the Levant. Mr. Durrell is absorbent also of people and influences: too much so, perhaps, for MacNeice's bagpipes and the Auden tabernacle on the hill break sometimes irritatingly on ear and eye. When these tendencies have been worked out he should be free to develop a quick and sensuous talent.

Reviewing the other week Mr. Patric Dickinson's broadcast play, *Theseus and the Minotaur*, I promised to return to the other poems in the book. They attract by the same clarity and grace. Mr. Dickinson is a light poet, teased (I suspect) by the perfect lightness of Shakespeare's *The Phoenix and Turtle*:

> Ask me where is Jericho
> Jericho is everywhere—
> Down the world's diurnal street
> Listen to the circling feet!
> Listen to the trumpets blow
> From the clock, from the clock,
> —O furrowed brow! O falling hair!—
> And every year it seems the ark
> Is heavier to bear.

Prettily, and dramatically, he accommodates the patterns of legend. His fault is that sometimes he lets flow too easily: unusual fault in a poet to-day.

Clausentum is the product of a joint discovery; in sonnet and drawing Mr. Arlott and Mr. Ayrton celebrate a centuries-old building split open by dilapidation and bombs:

> The voices from the boat were silent now:
> A page ripped out from some great bible lay
> Beside the laurel with the broken bough
> And showed a psalm to exorcise the day.
> The stillness rang like bell-fire in our ears
> With all its metals bending down to reach
> The riding ripples, closing in like fears . . .

Victorian brick, Roman bones, a temple, a burnt stairway, vaults, Gothic archways, are exposed in layers. Where an old fosse had been, the Southampton-Portsmouth road now runs. The visitors returned by day and by moonlight. *Clausentum* provides a curious and touching memorial for a ruin that has escaped sightseers and is likely now to vanish altogether.

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